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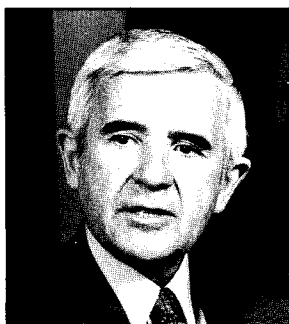
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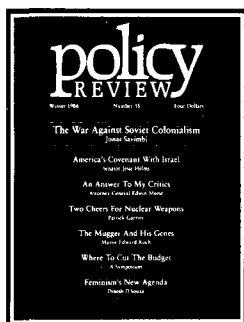


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Dissertations, not diapers, are commanding the attention of an increasing number of young American women. According to *The Chronicle of Higher Education*, "women are flocking to graduate school in record numbers, and many are specializing in fields that were dominated by men a dozen years ago. Today, women are earning one-third of all the doctoral degrees awarded." What *The Chronicle* did not report, however, was that this female rush into higher learning has been accompanied by a decline in the American birthrate to a historic low: recent census figures indicate that the average American woman now bears only 1.7 children, significantly below the Zero Population Growth level of 2.1.

According to statistics recently released by Harvard economist David Bloom, permanent childlessness has reached its highest rate since the Great Depression, while an all-time high of 11 percent of American women will never marry. Bloom reported that childlessness is particularly common among professional women and that those professional women who do bear children typically delay their first child until after the age of 27. Bloom did predict, however, that America will witness a baby boomlet in the next few years as female baby boomers who postponed childbearing for education and career finally start thinking about putting infant-seats in the backseats of their BMW's.

The current crop of women graduate students had better hope Bloom is right. After all, how many college professors—male or female—does a geriatric nation need? On the other hand, new residents and fertile immigrants continue to stream across our uncontrolled southern border. Spanish, anyone?

The French film trade seems stuck in a rut, with most of its offerings falling into predictable categories: the latest disappointing products of aging New Wave directors, the police thrillers, the increasingly disgusting sex farces. (Of France's entries at Cannes this spring, one had the male lover chase after the husband, another made the wife's lover a chimpanzee.) It is not as though the French public wants this stuff. At the end of the summer, five of the top six grossing movies were American or British. More than a million Parisians had gone to see *Rambo* and *Out of Africa*.

The most popular film this past year, however, with more than two million Parisian entrees, more than six million in France as a whole, was a French movie which did not fit into the usual categories. *Three Men and a Cradle* not only made the most money, drawing more than twice as many Parisians to see it as both of Sly Stallone's very popular movies, more than 2.5 times the nearest French movie, it also won three Cesars, the French Oscars, including Best French Film, Best Supporting Actor, and Best Script (written by director Coline Serreau).

The plot sounds ridiculous: Three swinging bachelors get stuck with a baby, and it turns their lives upside down. You can imagine for yourselves the humorous situations. What you cannot tell without seeing the movie is its fiercely moralistic polemic. When the mother comes to take the baby back, the men return to their wild sex lives, which no longer satisfy. In one brief but memorable scene, they are trying to remember the name of tonight's date. What is her name? Oh yes, it's . . . the same as the baby's. The embarrassed silence that follows is deafening. The polemic cuts two

ways. The mother tries to raise the baby apart from its irresponsible father, one of the three men. At the end she comes back, admitting that a woman needs a man to raise a baby properly.

In the year that the French Right won an absolute majority in the legislature and Socialist François Mitterrand chose the most conservative French politician, Jacques Chirac, as the new Prime Minister, the most important conservative news from France was Coline Serreau's *Three Men and a Cradle*. Will America's movie producers take notice? Answer: Walt Disney has flown Coline Serreau to the USA to make an American version.

The masters of our popular entertainment claim that sex and violence are an essential part of the shows that they send into our living rooms and theaters. It sells. In the year of Bill Cosby in America and *Three Men* in Europe, perplexities multiply.

—E. Christian Kopff

An eye accustomed to French culture is bound to blink at least once when its gaze is turned toward America. The blinking is bound to increase when the gaze focuses on American religion. In spite of frequent blinking, a French eye can often see deeply—in the spirit of Alexis de Tocqueville—into religion in America, taking in what a lazy American eye overlooks.

Philippe Delaroche is a Frenchman and an editor of *Les Editions Denoel*. While touring the United States last spring, he examined American culture and religion with a sharp eye. When Delaroche reported on his visit in the *National Catholic Register* recently, he reached this startling conclusion: America is not a secular society—it is

a very, very religious place.

Religion, he observed, is everywhere in American culture—on American coins, on American television, and in American politics. This Frenchman found that religion plays a significant role in the American purpose, as expressed in the Declaration of Independence. A self-evident truth of the Declaration, it will be remembered, is “that all men are created equal.” American politics begins with the presupposition that “men are created” by a Creator, by God. This religious theme in American history is not found in French history, according to Delaroché. Thanks (or no thanks) to the thinking of the Jacobins, the “French formula” assumes that “men are born free and equal.” Like Laplace, who told Napoleon that he could explain the universe without that unnecessary hypothesis called God, the founders of the French Republic were sure they could account for the Rights of Man without bothering with religion.

The proposition “that all men are created equal” by a Creator still wins approval from almost all Americans and it still resonates with important implications for our public life. Perhaps the sharpest disagreement about the meanings of that proposition may be seen in the debate over abortion. In time, it is reasonable to expect that the belief that all are created equal by a Creator will fade among those who regard the unborn as a form of property that the owner may discard at her option. The gifts of a Creator constitute more than private property.

These implications and others will probably remain hidden from most Americans until they are discovered by a keen eye. Perhaps by another French eye.

—Paul Stallsworth

Artistic talent does not always go unrecognized. *Chronicles'* September 1985 cover, a painting by Zbigniew Fitz, was recently featured in *Print* magazine's *Regional Design Annual* 1986. *Print* Editor Martin Fox expressed his appreciation in a single word: “terrific.” Zbigniew Fitz and his wife, Emilia, are, of course, regular illustrators for *Chronicles*, and it gives us great pleasure that we have helped

them to gain a token of the recognition they deserve.

Teenagers are always in trouble. Back in the 1950's we criticized them for their apathy. In the 60's they were too committed, too radical. By the 70's they had once again lapsed into indifference, and by the 80's we started criticizing college students for their greed and crass materialism. If it isn't one thing, it's another. A few years ago all the newspapers and family magazines were panicked over teen suicide; it was as if high school and college students were rejecting life. More recently, it is teenage pregnancy that is attracting all the attention. Young girls having babies out of wedlock is, in fact, a serious problem, but it is also the very opposite of suicide. Whatever else it is, bearing children is not a rejection of life.

The recent hit by Madonna, “Papa Don't Preach,” gets at the heart of the question. Millions of kids bought the record and listened to it on the radio. What they heard was a girl insisting on the rightness of carrying her baby to term, even over the objections of a stuffy adult world that thinks everything ought to be planned, organized, and sanitized. Planned Parenthood, guidance counselors, and social workers displayed a predictable shock and outrage. In their opinion, the song will give girls the wrong idea and encourage them to throw caution to the winds. They'll think having babies is fun. Everyone will want to do it.

I don't know how many American teenagers think bearing and rearing a child is something to do for kicks. I somehow doubt it is a very big number. They probably do not know all the work and suffering that is involved—but nobody does until it's too late. If we did, the human race would die out in a generation. There is a great deal of talk about the new underclass of female-headed households, but many of these unwed mothers come from the underclass. Their failure to rise in the world may be due to a variety of causes.

Unwed teenage mothers do present a serious challenge to our society, but one old-fashioned answer used to be marriage. Early marriage is not the best of all possible ways to live, but it

seems preferable to the alternative. Then why are we so terrified by teenage pregnancy? It's not as if America were suffering from overpopulation. On the contrary, the other big scare these days seems to be underpopulation.

Are we, then, afraid that the young mothers won't want to keep the babies, once they are born? There's an easy answer to this one, too: the long waiting lists at adoption agencies.

There is a serious problem with teenage pregnancy, but it is not social or political: It is the moral problem of premarital sex. Most old-fashioned or religious Americans think that sex outside marriage is morally wrong. But old-fashioned Americans do not set up the sex-education programs in public schools, where young people are taught to “discover” their own values and to despise sexual restraint as an antiquated remnant of Victorian morality. Day after day, year after year, hormonally unbalanced adolescents receive the same message: If it feels good, do it—but don't get caught. Promiscuity is fine so long as you respect the other person and take precautions. Don't let real life get in the way of pleasure.

As any parent or teacher knows, kids listen to only half of what we try to tell them. In this case, they hear the *Do* but not the *Don't*. But people have been pointing out for years the direct connection between sex education and rising rates of teenage pregnancy. The only answer seems to be more of the same: more classes and films, more pills and devices, more abortions.

What the older generation is offering is a safe and boring world of 1.2 children per couple, a world in which sex is divorced from life. But the younger generation is not buying it.

By the time they're 25, the young Americans have received enough indoctrination to accept a world without risk, existence without life. But when we are young, we're full of life and bursting with sap. We're ready to become soldiers or saints, great lovers or great scientists. The young know, instinctively, that sex has a purpose, because they have not yet had the love of life drained out of them by doddering guidance counselors and radio psychologists. And that's the trouble with kids.



THE BUSINESS OF BUSINESS *by Thomas Fleming*

Jefferson was of the opinion that the tree of liberty was not a hardy perennial that could be safely neglected. Once planted by a revolution, it needed to be periodically "refreshed by the blood of patriots and tyrants." Jefferson's radical vision of revolutionary violence was muted, in later years, by his conservative skepticism, but the two principles are not all that far apart. There is a point at which radicalism and reaction converge, and that point is a moral resentment against entrenched mediocrity. Except in a few rare and fortunate cases, "the powers that be" in this and any land are a remarkably uniform set of real estate swindlers, market manipulators, and well-oiled office-seekers. Decent men, whether they are radical editors, conservative philosophers, or hardworking men of business, cannot always suppress their natural disgust with the cor-

ruption of a system based, in principle, on liberty.

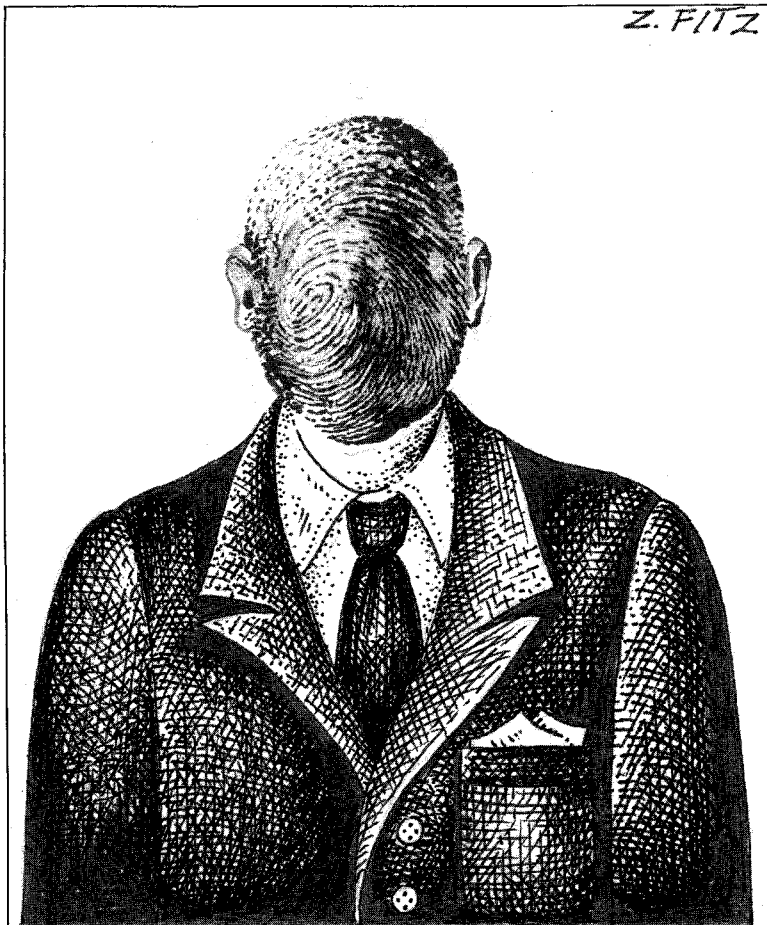
Americans continue to speak of their country as the land of the free, and few of us—on the right or the left—would exchange our system of liberal socialism and two party elections for any current alternative (e.g., state socialism and one party). It remains true that the generation growing up after the Second World War is less free than their parents, who were less free than theirs. In three generations we have seen the creation of a tax on labor ("income tax"), the assertion of government's prior right to a worker's income ("withholding"), and the rejection of family responsibility ("Social Security"). These things may all be as good as leftists claim—although some of us have our doubts—but there is no denying the erosion of our liberties.

At least we would have *thought* there was no denying it. A Princeton political scientist, Benjamin Barber, writing recently in *Harper's* (November '86) is calling for a progressive vision based on "the idea that liberty is not the enemy but rather a product of government institutions." One hundred years ago, such a statement might have seemed a witty paradox. After nearly 70 years of appalling tyranny exercised by Soviet government institutions, even liberals will find it hard to smile at Prof. Barber's warmed-over New Leftism.

Throughout this century one standard argument on the left has run along these lines: Individual (or communal) freedom doesn't work because unscrupulous businessmen amass huge fortunes at the expense of the working classes. The Virginia reactionary George Fitzhugh made the same case: Left to itself, a society based on "freedom and equality" will result in a tyranny of the unscrupulous over the principled. There is some truth in this reasoning. Unfortunately, the examples generally used to make the case—the robber baron industrialists at the turn of the century—are not really relevant.

Those "evil capitalists" of legend, Jim Fisk, Jay Gould, Andrew Carnegie, and J.P. Morgan, were not, by and large, representative of the bourgeois men of business who transformed the social and economic life of Europe and the United States. Of these four, only Carnegie actually built a successful industrial empire. The rest got rich in what is now being called "the old-fashioned way": watering stock, jiggering freight rates, colluding with friends in the government. Morgan, who specialized in takeovers, is usually said to have improved no company by his management. On the contrary, once he had made his money on the stock deal, his interest waned.

Z. FITZ



It was a time in American history bounded by the administrations of Grant and Harding, from the great silver conspiracy described by Henry Adams to the Teapot Dome Scandal chronicled by Upton Sinclair. Mark Twain (with Charles Dudley Warner) caught the tone in *The Gilded Age*: speculation, deceptions, and a reckless willingness to sacrifice everything for the chance to make millions. Col. Sellers, a sanguine plunger modeled on one of Twain's relatives, is the prototype of the get-rich-quick American. (Jackie Gleason's Ralph Cramden was a more recent blue-collar avatar.) In one memorable scene, Sellers waxes eloquent over his "enormous" speculation. Despite a cheery fire in the stove, the room gets progressively colder. The mystery is solved when the stove door is accidentally kicked open to reveal a lighted candle. Sellers hastens to point out all the ill effects and inconveniences of an actual fire: "What you want is the *appearance* of heat, not the heat itself—that's the idea."

Until his bankruptcy, Twain enjoyed railing against the deceptive appearances of the speculators, including the Standard Oil Trust. But after he was bailed out by one of the chief architects of the trust, Henry Huttleston Rogers—otherwise known as "Hell Hound" Rogers—Twain became a sort of friend (and court jester) to Rogers and Andrew Carnegie, of whose philanthropy he observed, "He has bought fame and paid cash for it." He did, however, have the decency to keep his benefactors away from his family.

Owen Wister never had to moderate his opinion of the new Plutocracy. His novel *Lady Baltimore* is a superb defense of the older America, or what was left of it in Charleston, against the immorality and bad manners of "the yellow rich." His good friend President Theodore Roosevelt was annoyed by Wister's blanket condemnation of Northeastern society, but Teddy believed there was nothing wrong with America that a little regulation couldn't cure. And here is the rub: The evils done by certain industrialists and financiers were enough to insure the rise of adversarial labor unions and progressive big government, but it was not the ruthless dialectic of free enterprise which brought the yellow rich to power—far from it. It was, rather, their cozy relationship with government officials.

After the Civil War and the rise to power of the men who had done well in it, free enterprise was not an important issue for Wall Street (although it was and is for Main Street businessmen). Like Christianity—the proverbial good idea that's rarely tried—a free-market economic system has had to take the blame for many evils for which it is only minimally responsible. Perhaps "capitalism" would never have fulfilled all of the expectations it aroused in the 19th century, but this much seems unfair: An unhealthy collusion between dishonest financiers and corrupt officials has been the excuse for tying up businessmen in general in a mare's nest of agencies, regulations, and overpaid snoops.

The one important writer who best appreciated the peculiar qualities of the American business class was "the gentleman from Indiana," Booth Tarkington. In his most successful novels, Tarkington attempted to portray an agrarian society coming to grips with its commercial destiny. The softer ideals of old gentility were forced to give way to a go-ahead Babbittism that was not without virtues. Both Alice Adams and the protagonists of *The Magnificent Ambersons*

and *The Turmoil* learn to appreciate the merits of self-reliance, but it is in *The Plutocrat* that Tarkington went the furthest in contrasting pretentious Yankee aesthetics with the solid reliability of a Midwestern industrialist. Without being blind to the boorishness of the henpecked captains of industry, Tarkington managed to convey some sense of their heroic struggles. (They weren't always boorish either, as the author realized. In a minor novel, *The Young Mrs. Greeley*, the heroine is astonished by the capitalist's polish and devotion to the arts.)

Tarkington's public-spirited plutocrats were not Wall Street tycoons. Their business was not offering bribes to government officials. Even today, we are more likely to find such men in smaller (often family-held) corporations. While corporate raids, takeovers, and mergers attract the headlines, their main effect seems to be to reward the managers (*not* the investors) on both sides. J.P. Morgan would feel right at home in the 1980's.

Morgan would also know how to take advantage of all the environmental and consumer protection regulations that seem inevitably to favor corporate empires with vast legal and accounting departments. There are others who can write far more intelligently and persuasively on how government regulation seems to favor monopoly (and only accidentally protects consumers). I can, however, tell the tale of my own small venture as an entrepreneur in "the seafood business."

It was summer, and I was faced with the prospect of another session of beating first-year Latin into the unyielding heads of upperclassmen desperate to fulfill their language requirement. When a friend who owed me a favor offered a partnership in commercial crabbing, I jumped at the chance: all those hours of light work on the water, no students, no registrar, no exam cheaters to report. The best part was that I would be working with an experienced hand. Bobby had owned his own shrimp boat and had worked in the creek all his life. (The down-side was his M.A. in English and his, worse, literary aspirations.)

With little or no help from me, Bobby redid an old flat-bottomed boat and got us a deal first on a set of 50 traps, then another almost 50 (if memory serves). All I had to do was the paperwork. First, as insurance, I had to license and title a boat a relative had made for me. (We never did use the little 14-footer, but it might have come in handy.) Then we had to title and license the "new" boat, the motor, and the trailer. You could either send the half-ton of paper to the state capitol or drive an hour to the nearest city. Unwisely, I tried the postal route, which meant weeks of delay as forms crossed in the mail and collided with requests for more information. There was also the matter of commercial fishermen's licenses.

Eventually, somehow, the forms got completed, numbers were put on the boat, and we were bona fide commercial crabbers. There's not much to the business. You buy a load of bait fish, stick a big handful into a receptacle in a wire trap, and throw the trap into the water. The next day, you find the trap by its buoy marker (a Chlorox jug) attached with a rope, pull up the now much heavier cage, dump the blue crabs into the boat, rebait the trap, and drop it back in the water. Repeat that maneuver 50 or a hundred times and you're in business.

There are a few complications I hadn't anticipated. Going up a shallow tidal creek on a hot and windless July day exposes you to more than the chance of heat prostration: mosquitoes, gnats, big brown cowflies that sting like bumblebees, and the taste of rotting fish dumped accidentally into your mouth. There is also this affair of pulling, dumping, and replacing 50, 75, or 90 traps while your partner runs the boat and gives advice. (I later found out that this division of labor was not exactly typical.) My partner also liked to sit up late listening to Elvis Costello records and working on one of many still-unpublished novels. If we hadn't caught the tide by 7:00 in the morning or if it was too blowy or too rainy, well then, "let's wait until later," which sometimes meant two days later, by which time the crabs were eating each other, and the bait (what was left of it) was something worse than rotten. You've got to have tasted three days' rotten fish (in hot weather, remember) to know what it's like.

I shouldn't complain or try to shift the blame. He had, after all, virtually built the boat (which seemed to drain away most of his ambition), and after a few days of pulling traps, my own enthusiasm began to wane. Finally, in a desperate burst of energy, we put in a couple of hardworking days. When we pulled up to the dock to sell our huge boatload of big, beautiful blue crabs, the crab company owner greeted us with a "sorry": The market was flooded

and he wasn't taking any more, maybe for weeks.

My wife and I spent the day chasing crabs across the kitchen floor and counting our losses. I forget how much it was, totaling up the cost of all the traps, the gas, and the licenses. Not more than a few hundred dollars in total—a pretty meager loss for a month's work. Like many small businessmen, we had gambled and lost. Unlike most of them, we had been shiftless and lazy. We got what we had coming to us—the market had sifted us out.

My only complaint was the hours of paperwork and the mass of regulations which increasingly make small-time commercial fishing unprofitable. The law concerns itself with such details as: How many claws can you break off a stone crab? What's the minimum size of a legal blue crab? How can you identify a she-crab with roe (illegal)? What does a shrimper do with the turtles that destroy his valuable nets? When can you pick oysters off a bird sanctuary? In which channels can you use an oyster dredge?

Some of the rules make sense; others are just silly. But the net effect of all of them (especially the tax regulations) is to convert commercial fishermen into bureaucrats (many of them seemed to marry very bright girls who keep the books for them). As for me, every year the state sent me a tax bill for my 14-foot homemade boat. Being motorless and only 14 feet, it didn't really have to be licensed, but once inside the state's computer, my boat became a legal entity. Every year I protested the tax and threatened to destroy the boat with an ax, and every year the state told me what it could do to someone who didn't pay his \$10 or \$20 marine property tax bill. When I left the state, I sold the boat to a carpenter, but up until last year I still was receiving a tax bill.

My own difficulties were trivial (although I might have had to pay \$500 for the second stone crab claw I broke off by accident). But all the paperwork made me feel less and less like a free man and more and more like a ward of the state. If otherwise sensible Americans end up voting libertarian, I suspect it is not so much out of commitment to freedom in the abstract as it is an affirmation of their own existence against the oppressive forces of an anonymous state. Two recent Presidents have tried to control the Federal bureaucracy: The first, Richard Nixon, found himself lynched by a coalition of bureaucrats and senators on the make. (Is Howard Baker still running?) Six years into the Reagan Revolution, we have learned to be content with "checking the growth." There appears to be no hope of cutting out the malignancy.

If bureaucratic regulation only managed business, if its depredations were limited to our pocketbooks, we might learn to endure what we cannot change. But the whole process of adjusting to bureaucracy corrupts all of us. Gabriel Marcel observes, in *The Mystery of Being*, that the act of filling out forms diminishes the sense of who we are: name, last name first, address, number. Street numbers, by the way, were not introduced in France until the French Revolution attempted to reduce people from men and women down to mere citizens to be kept track of. Now we hear conservative politicians recommending a national identity card for practically the last country on earth where people do not have to show their papers. We may as well be in Canada.

—Thomas Fleming

In the forthcoming issue of *Chronicles*:

Midland America

"Here is a cornucopia of disinterested goodwill towards oddities, an amused politeness at the tender psyches of the genius and the *artiste* and the sometimes unbalanced (often indistinguishable); here we have both the security of being part of a sane, humdrum community and the stimulation of observing, or perhaps acting, the occasional eccentric."

—from "Paradise Enow: A Midwestern Perspective"
by Jane Greer

ALSO

Russell Kirk tells tales of his Michigan grandfather

John Chalberg looks for Father Greeley in Chicago
but finds him water-skiing in Arizona

Thomas Fleming takes a second look at the Midwest's
greatest novelist, Booth Tarkington



Economic Ideology and the Conservative Dilemma

by William R. Hawkins

From Edmund Burke's distrust of "sophisters, calculators and economists" to Calvin Coolidge's boast that "the business of America is business" on to George Gilder's "economy of heroes" has been a long journey that conservatism has not weathered well, either intellectually or politically. What was once a robust philosophy concerned with all of humane culture has been reduced to a few slogans in behalf of the "conservative opportunity society" and "democratic capitalism." No need to worry about moral philosophy or social traditions: Tax reform will solve the nation's ills.

Some observers believe that the pressures of competing for political power in a democracy could only produce this kind of degradation of our public discourse. But people seldom pledge their loyalty to a party or a movement solely out of economic motives, and the attempt to build political movements on these motives will prove counterproductive in the long run. The business cycle follows its own pattern, uncoordinated with the election cycle. A governing party that ties itself primarily to economics is betting that the business cycle will always be up in the fall of every even-numbered year. Yet no school of economists has devised a way to ensure that this happens. Defining elections as plebiscites on the business cycle is not just nonsense, it is dangerous nonsense.

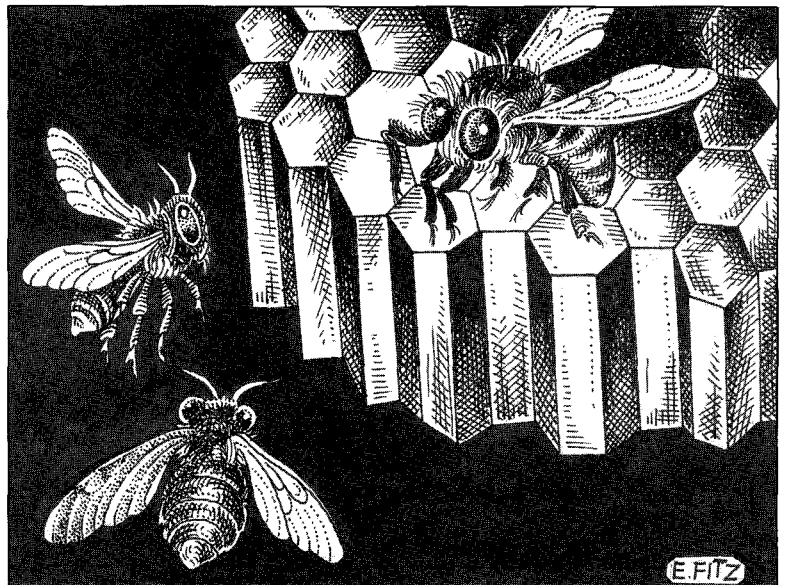
Loyalty to a party, movement, or philosophy must be built on foundations that will survive an economic downturn. Will the "yuppies" to whom so much of the political rhetoric about "opportunity" is now pitched remain loyal to the GOP—or even to free-market principles—when their stock portfolios start losing money?

A great deal of effort has been spent on attempts to expand economic doctrines into a rationale for all of civilization. Marxism is one such attempt. To Marx, all of society was merely a superstructure based on the organization of the economy and the distribution of property. Conservatives have long denounced this as a gross distortion of the patterns of human life.

Of course, it is easier to see the flaws in an opponent's case than in a friend's. Yet, too many conservatives have made the same fundamental error as Marx. In the attempt

to combat Marx's economic determinism, they have developed an economic determinism of their own. They have taken an economic theory and turned it into an all-encompassing ideology. Trying to fight ideas with ideas and to refute John Stuart Mill's charge that conservatives were "the stupid party," the champions of the right have latched onto the wrong ideas—ideas taken from the very school that Mill pioneered.

Since socialism was the enemy, the obvious counter-theory must be capitalism. And the group that developed a positive, intellectual theory of capitalism were the classical economists. Classical economics was, however, only one facet of the larger doctrine of classical liberalism. The task of separating the wheat from the chaff turned out to be difficult. Unwisely, many on the right went from using selected economic arguments in support of traditionalist positions to total ideological conversion. This conversion has produced two major distortions in conservative thought. First, it has led not only to a preoccupation with economic issues but also to fruitless attempts to apply the simple demand-supply model of classical economic theory to social problems that require a different approach. Second, it has allowed other tenets of classical liberalism to



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penetrate the right on the grounds of intellectual consistency. As a result, many conservatives have forgotten that they were the enemies of Rousseau and Paine before they were enemies of Marx.

These distortions took effect in the U.S. mainly as a result of the "New Deal-Great Society" era, interpreted primarily as an economic victory for socialism in America. During the decades when "conservative" was an unpopular term, many observers claimed—all too often correctly—that 20th-century conservatives were really only 19th-century liberals. Everyone was a liberal at heart, and the "spirit" of 1776 inspired every speaker. Republicans started quoting Jefferson as often as did Democrats. The only question remaining seemed the proper interpretation of liberalism.

Today, "conservatism" has returned from exile and the liberals are the ones looking for something new to call themselves. Modern liberalism has proved itself unfit to rule, but is modern conservatism fit to rule in its place? To the extent that modern conservatism is dominated by classical liberal ideas, the answer is no. Whatever utility the

classical view once had as a voice of dissent, it has now outlived its usefulness. And as a philosophy of government its record is one of failure.

Classical liberalism is most closely identified with 19th-century England, an England at the height of its power with a global Empire, industrial prosperity, and a culture that even today continues to elicit admiration and emulation in the former American colonies. Yet, the England of Mill and Bentham, Cobden and Gladstone slid quickly into decline; as its industry faltered in the face of American and German competition, the Empire fragmented and collapsed. Classical liberalism better explains England's fall than it does its rise. This should not be surprising. Liberal ideas can gain ground only when a society has become overconfident. Traditional values and institutions suddenly appear as restraints rather than supports. Yet when a society believes that success is natural—the result of an "invisible hand" that renders the old creeds of discipline, self-sacrifice, and order obsolete—it is heading for a disaster. When a ship is sinking, we hear the cry "Every man for himself!" As believers in a rampant individualism, the liberals seemed willing to smash the rudder and flood the hold in their efforts to provoke such a reaction.

The liberal view is characterized by a belief that all change is progress. It tells us not to worry if an industry declines or if standards of conduct or morality decline or if the power of the nation itself declines. By definition, it all must be for the best. Why bother with thought or analysis? Those who question the consequences of such developments are reactionary alarmists or mere protectors of endangered special interests.

England's wealth and power were built on principles quite different from those espoused by the classical liberals. Liberals (and later socialists) constantly denounced the principles defended by Burke and Disraeli, Coleridge and Salisbury, Kipling and Cunningham. England remained in the ranks of the Great Powers through the first part of this century only because some aristocrats, military officers, and statesmen still preserved some conservative principles. But classical liberalism ate away at the cultural and economic foundations for these principles. It was conservatism, not liberalism, which gave a society of rising material abundance a bourgeois rather than libertine character. Of course, the actual period of liberal rule was short, just long enough to undermine conservative institutions without replacing them. Conservatism and socialism each have positive theories of government, but liberalism has only a negative theory.

The void created by liberalism was filled by socialism, as the line between liberalism and socialism blurred during the 19th century. The essence of liberalism was to transform society, to "liberate" it from prescription, prejudice, and superstition and the conservative institutions of church and state. Once a movement takes a revolutionary aim, it is difficult to stop. That classical liberalism was an empty philosophy was felt by many of its adherents who, unable to turn back, plunged ahead into socialism. The progression from liberation to totalitarianism was part of Rousseau's thought. Even the great liberal himself, J.S. Mill, fell under the influence of a feminist-socialist wife. Today, the democratic left remains a coalition, socialist in economics

How the United States Leeches Off Its Traditional Families

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but liberal in everything else. And both components are dangerous.

The American coalition between conservatives and classical liberals has never been more comfortable than the coalition between the West and the USSR during World War II. The battles between "traditionalists" and "libertarians" have been long, loud, and well-documented. Now that victory over the American left seems within reach, the diverse and incompatible "war aims" of the coalition members will force a parting of the ways. The libertarians have already "turned their guns around" to blast the conservatives. The split has widened on a number of issues, from military strategy to the war against drugs; from immigration control to education policy; from abortion to the trade deficit. The many people who have a foot in both camps on some issues will have to rethink their basic assumptions.

If conservatism is to establish itself as the dominant philosophy of government and society, it must jettison classical liberalism. This means rediscovering a conservative view of economics, for it is only the prevalence of "free market" economic theory that permits libertarians to exercise influence on the right. But conservatives do not need the libertarian corps and its intellectual baggage train in order to defend private property and capitalism.

The real defense of capitalism is prescriptive, not theoretical. Private ownership of the means of production and the use of such assets for the generation of profit is as old as recorded civilization. While history provides examples of many different ways of organizing economic activity, those

which have rewarded individual effort and initiative have fared better than those which have attempted to stifle these natural ambitions. In the West, private property has been the normal arrangement since ancient times. Of course, rights of property have been regulated in a variety of ways in the past as they are today. The libertarian ideology accepts no modification of its pure *laissez-faire* doctrine. In addition to its other unattractive aspects, this inflexibility makes libertarianism largely irrelevant to dealing with the problems of the real world.

The abstract theories of the classical economists actually weaken the defense of capitalism by transforming natural, dynamic activity into just one of several competing intellectual creations as artificial as the ivory-tower creeds of socialism. These theories also tend to isolate capitalism from the mainstream of history. The line taken by many "anticapitalists" is that capitalism started only with *The Wealth of Nations* or the industrial revolution. Capitalism was not even named until 1867 when Marx's *Das Kapital* was published. The conditions of capitalism were unique, the idea was new and untried, it was all a fluke, a mere stage in history through which we will soon pass. Denied its historical roots, capitalism can easily be discarded.

Yet, property and profit were important to businessmen in ancient Athens, in the medieval Hanseatic towns, and throughout Renaissance Italy. Property was given extensive protection by Roman law, preserved in the legal traditions of all Europe. When Columbus discovered America, he was looking for a new trade route to China and the Pacific Spice Islands in order to circumvent the route controlled by

REVISIONS

Banking on Bassinets

Thomas Malthus had it wrong. More people means not starvation, as the famous British curate argued, but prosperity. Julian L. Simon, an economist at the University of Maryland, makes the case that more people means better living for all in his *Theory of Population and Economic Growth* (New York: Basil Blackwell). The average reader may be daunted by all the econometric formulae, but almost anyone can grasp the major theme of the book: "More people imply a higher standard of living."

In a struggle against the enemies of life, it is good to have this heartening analysis. Even so, Simon's equations all rest on a number of nonmathematical premises which remain open to debate. When devising formulae for predicting rates of technological progress, Simon assumes that, within the industrial-

ized world, most technology is "not tied to particular geographic or cultural conditions" and that 10 million Americans will prove neither more nor less inventive than 10 million Japanese, Germans, or Swedes. Even in the short run, cultural differences will probably exert a more decisive influence than Simon concedes. Worse, it is hard to take seriously any model of economic prediction that entirely "excludes art and mystic knowledge."

Simon's blindness to noneconomic issues especially mars his discussion of the effects of immigration on native citizens. The numbers lead to the conclusion that "immigrants have a positive discounted effect on citizens' incomes, starting almost immediately and getting large quite rapidly." Why, "immigrants are an excellent 10 percent-return-per-annum investment." (Ask your stockbroker for a

prospectus.) Simon leaves out of his assessment any of the profound linguistic, social, and cultural gaps between Americans (or Europeans) and Third World immigrants. Taxpayers in San Diego and San Antonio may not be so enthusiastic: They have to foot the welfare and education bill for hordes of illegal aliens.

Simon deserves praise for rejecting the antinatalism prevalent in academia. Yet he shares with most other economists an inability to understand how powerfully our fortunes are shaped by ethical traditions which will not fit neatly to formulae. Western economies probably would be better off, as Simon believes, if our birthrates climbed. But the widespread repudiation of childbearing symptomizes a malaise deeper than economics. More babies will come only when we recover a cultural identity worth reproducing. (BC)

Arab traders and the merchants of Genoa and Venice. English capitalists and merchant adventurers (with the support of a sympathetic government) won the global struggle for wealth and power during the mercantilist era. Examples such as these abound. Economic historians do not confine capitalism to merely the last two centuries. This historical record should strengthen the case for capitalism, but it is often ignored. Libertarian defenders of capitalism dismiss history either because real people in real situations do not conform to their abstract ideals or because reciting slogans is easier than studying history. For libertarians who think of themselves as progressives or radicals, history becomes a loathsome prison.

History is important because it provides perspective. It shows that private property and capitalism predate classical economic theory. Capitalism emerges as both more and less than its classical proponents claim. More flexible and adaptable than the fragile assumptions of the classicals would allow, but less suited to serve as the sole pillar of civilization. In short, capitalism works but liberalism doesn't. By the same token, the enemies of property and business also predate the socialists. The ancients regarded the battle between the rich and the poor as an abiding political split, the natural division between parties. Conservatives in all ages have had to defend order and hierarchy—the rule by those of talent and demonstrated competence—against radicals advancing the cause of egalitarian rule by mere numbers.

Not that a true conservatism defends wealth and privilege per se. That would remove from the right any intellectual content and would reduce it to merely a politics of economic distribution, the mirror image of the politics of redistribution. Instead, conservatives recognize that since men are unequal in ability and the task of building and maintaining a civilization is extremely difficult, society must elevate its best citizens to the positions of leadership. Not infrequently, these leaders will be found among the ranks of those who have been successful in business. But in a society that more richly rewards rock singers and cosmetics manufacturers than Presidents and generals, private wealth cannot serve as our primary criterion for leadership potential. Often a leader will prove himself in public service first, then draw his material rewards. The important thing is that society attracts and promotes able people to leadership positions.

A conservative view of history refutes the argument that it is necessary to abolish or cripple the state in order to protect capitalism. No sane citizen, least of all a man of business or a holder of extensive property, wants to see rise the serpent head of anarchy. Even Adam Smith knew that it was only by the strong arm of the civil authority that the man of property could sleep in safety. But the state has a larger role to play in the economy than just the protection of property. Robert L. Reynolds concluded as much in his study of the millennium during which *Europe Emerges* to dominate the globe:

It was a great asset in commerce that European governments put their whole strength behind mercantile enterprise, and considered the devising of ways and means for making their merchants

richer and stronger a valid activity. . . . Modern governments which foster trade are following a pattern established by the strong states of Europe some six or seven hundred years ago. Those European governments had a theory that if their merchants were strong and rich, the governments themselves would carry greater weight in war and diplomacy.

Thucydides, Alexander Hamilton, and Amaya Naohiro all shared in this philosophy. Amaya Naohiro, an influential economic strategist in the Japanese Ministry of International Trade and Industry, devised ways for Japanese capitalists to win major victories in the ongoing struggle for control of global production. The need for economic leadership is not confined to business: "visible hands" may also guide the marketplace.

Economics is very important, but so are other things, and if they are neglected economic success will prove meaningless. Certainly the Roman Empire possessed greater economic resources as well as a larger population and a higher level of civilization than the barbarian tribes which destroyed it. Yet its wealth could not compensate for military defeat, internal division, and a general decline in moral discipline. It takes more than "economic opportunity" to hold a society together. Russell Kirk has argued that "In any society, order is the first need of all. Liberty and justice may be established only after order is tolerably secure." He has defined the nature of conservative government in moral terms:

The realm of politics and the realm of morals do not exist in separate spheres, Comte notwithstanding; the state exists to enforce a moral system, to redeem men from the impulses of the flesh and their ignorance. And morality must be supported by the sanctions of religious faith, or it cannot stand.

Since World War II the West has been in steady retreat before the barbarians of the East and South. The left has encouraged this retreat in part because it feels a common bond with foreign movements proclaiming socialism. But the arguments used in public by the left have stressed libertarian more than socialist themes and have more often echoed the speeches of Paine and Cobden than those of Marx and Lenin, *The Rights of Man* more often than the *Communist Manifesto*, and the ACLU more often than the CPUSA. This anarchic counterculture has done as much or more damage to American society and the national interest than has the Welfare State, and has done so by design. To the extent that the right has been infected with the same ideas, it has been inhibited in the fight against the left.

The business of conservatism is not business, it is society. The task of conservatism is to defend only those ideas which have proved themselves beneficial. It must look beyond any school of economic theory and reject the hobgoblin of "consistency" defined by the libertarians. It is a dehumanizing "consistency" which defines heroin and abortions as just more goods and services to be made available in a "free market" or which treats immigration merely as a problem in wage theory.

POLITICAL ART AND ARTFUL POLITICS

by Vukan Kuic

We speak as readily of the art of politics as we do of the art of cooking or writing, and what we have in mind in each case is what the French call *savoir faire*. This sense of "art" claims excellence for the activity of which the term is predicated, and since to know what to do and how to do it makes perhaps more difference in politics than in anything else, this well-established usage seems unobjectionable. And yet, praising politics as an art is somewhat misleading and may have disastrous consequences, because politics is not really an art, and its excellence is in some essential respects diametrically opposed to all but the most limited sense of "art."

Cooking is indeed an art, but we may do better contrasting politics with poetry or composition or painting, that is, the so-called "fine arts," which most philosophers see as our way of rising above our earthly daily experiences. For instance, Schelling describes a work of art as "the infinite finitely represented." Similarly, locating its essence in what he calls "style," Goethe believes that art penetrates "the essence of things, insofar as it is granted to us to know this in visible and tangible forms." Croce may be said to translate that thought into Italian when he proclaims that "an aspiration enclosed in the circle of representation—that is art." And Maritain may be said to do Croce one better when he asserts that a true "work of art . . . will deliver to the mind, at one stroke, the universe in a human countenance."

This transcendent character of art is further confirmed by the requirement of "otherness" involved in its evaluation. In the case of cooking, the proof is in the pudding, not in the cook. In the case of fine arts, however, this requirement is, appropriately enough, doubled and applies not only to the artist but also to the beholder of art. In order truly to enjoy a work of art, we are told by wise philosophers, we must not even covet it, let alone consume it. Consumption or covetousness make it impossible to appreciate "beauty," regardless of whether one thinks that it is found "in the eye of the beholder" or in the thing itself.

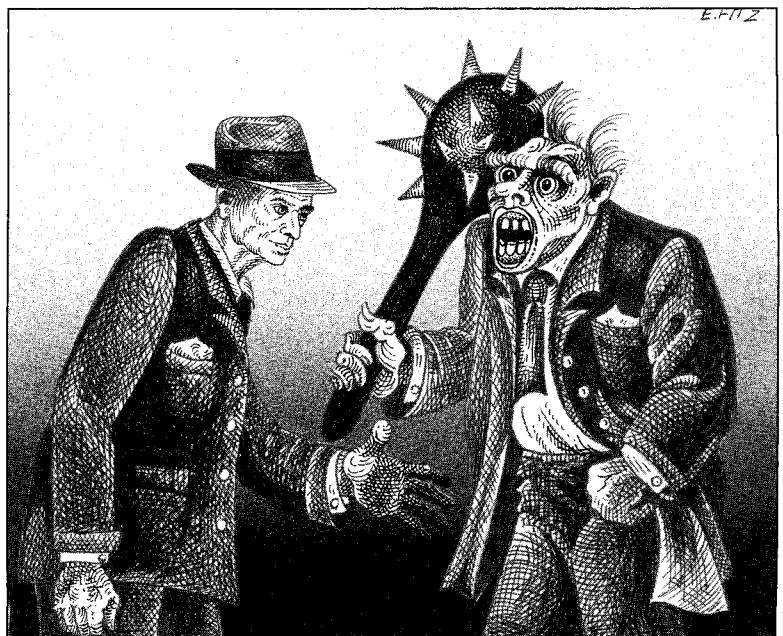
Tolstoy expresses doubts about "beauty" as a valid aesthetic standard and resignedly concludes that "we call 'beauty' that which pleases us without evoking in us desire." But that is precisely what "the beautiful" meant to Plato. In the *Symposium*, at the end of a sumptuous banquet, the guests, without desiring any, are able to contemplate the sheer beauty of artistically arranged baskets of fruits. Indeed, as Yves R. Simon has suggested, "To describe aloofness as the privilege of the aesthetic eye is almost the same as to give a definition of beauty." Politics, as we shall see, enjoys no such privilege. In politics, neither the actor, "the artist," nor the beholders of his action can ever remain aloof or unaffected by its "product." In contrast to art, politics is not about essences but about existence.

Of course, in real life, not even the most successful forms

of art attain the ideal of total detachment from daily and indeed political reality. Thus while all may agree with Ernst Cassirer that art is a "symbolic form," which in its own way gives us access to another "reality," this by no means guarantees that all will judge particular works of art in the same way. Even if everyone shared the same definition of art, there would still be plenty of room for disagreement about whether particular works satisfied that definition and about who was qualified to pass aesthetic judgment.

To know good art is never easy, but an "artist's artist" should be able to recognize it. A Phidias would know whether a piece of marble of a certain shape is a work of art, and a Michelangelo and a Rodin would probably agree. A young playwright would be lucky if he could submit his work to a Shakespeare, a budding poet to have his read by a Goethe, a neophyte novelist to have his judged by a Tolstoy, any musician to have his composition listened to by a Bach, and so on. A master artist not only is capable of creating what gives us pleasure without stirring desire, but he also knows exactly what he is doing. And because he can thus look at his own work and see that it is good, he can also tell about the work of others. To be and to know at the same time is said to be a divine privilege. Working in its shadow, the human creator, the master artist, must therefore be the best judge of art.

The second best judge of art would appear to be the professional critic who, while he may not be capable of producing great works, has devoted his life to trying to grasp what is intelligible in art and wants to let the rest of us in on it. Academic teachers of art history and philosophers specializing in aesthetics, as well as journalists covering the arts all perform this valuable service of fostering appreciation of art among their fellow citizens. Unfortunately, to distinguish a good from a bad critic may sometimes be



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ADAM AND LILITH

by Thomas Fleming

It was in a place for lunch last week—
Oh potted plants, oh bentwood chair—
I saw her there, I did not speak
but watched to see if she would stare.

She did, and with just those lowered eyes
I knew, tried to make up her mind,
(the waitress waved aside the flies
and cleared the tea and lemon rind);

My wife ordered lunch, I nursed a drink.
Our talk went stale, the children fussed.
I leaned back in my chair to think
of times and tide and wasted trust.

Of is and are, of was and were—
the difference tense and number make—
the she-in-me, the me-in-her
that neither one of us can break.

I am not talking now of love,
but what a man like Paul might term
a fact of life: we make part of
each other's apple, each other's worm.

The things we ought not to have done
will keep some corner of our minds:
how her hair is burnished in the sun
that blinks between the wooden blinds,

Such nonsense as a wrinkled dress
(yes, you can bring the check now. Please.)
her lips, shy still and lipstickless,
her awkward grace of growing trees—

Gymnasts out of step with the wind;
add in a box of unfinished verse
and letters, long since left behind. . . .
what absurdity to rehearse.

Now I'm past thirty—it's fifteen years—
two half-grown children and a wife
(her boyfriend orders two more beers)
more than I deserve of life,

And although I'm as happy as I ought
and have no leisure to regret
the battles of the flesh we fought
so long ago, and yet and yet.

this respect the critics are not much different from the artists. For even among the greatest artists some leave much to be desired as human beings.

History and society at large have been dismissed often enough as less competent judges of art, but such dismissal proves ambiguous. No one can deny that judgment about what is beautiful differs widely from place to place and over time, or that some artists achieve fame only posthumously while others are soon forgotten. For instance, the music of Gustav Mahler is today appreciated much more than while he was alive, and the same goes for the paintings of Paul Gauguin. And were it not for the movie *Amadeus*, few people today would recognize the name of Salieri, once considered a great composer. In the past century or so, Impressionism, Expressionism, Abstract Expressionism, Cubism, Surrealism, Neo-Classicism, Primitivism, Futurism, Imagism, Minimalism, and so on have all come and gone, to mention only the better known schools—or fashions—in art.

But is society to blame for this rapid and perhaps erratic turnover? New styles are invariably introduced by artists themselves, and critics have a lot to do with their social acceptance. With greater or lesser degree of inertial resistance, society simply seems to go along. In considering the validity of sociohistorical judgment in art, however, we should also note that, albeit again on advice from experts, modern societies especially have provided generously for the preservation of works of art done in every style imaginable. Displayed with pride in museums of art, these collections testify to an undercurrent of deeper understanding of the place of art in communal life. Thus Tolstoy certainly is right when he observes that art is a necessary condition of human life, which has in all societies and at all times exacted great sacrifices.

The most suspect aesthetic opinion would have to be that of the so-called independent-minded individual who insists that he needs no guidance because he knows what he likes. This seems to be a special problem in modern mass democratic societies whose ethos encourages assertion of omnicompetence by "the man in the street" and produces what critics have called "mass culture" characterized by wholesale "lowering of standards." Among writers who have addressed this problem, we find T.S. Eliot and Irving Babbitt, as well as Tocqueville and Henry Adams, all of whom have complained about the decline of "high culture" in modern times. But the new "popular culture," including the hope of spreading ever "higher" culture among the masses, also has its highly articulate defenders. Herbert Read and Susan Sontag, Richard Hoggart and Edward Shills, among others, have variously questioned the validity of the distinction between "highbrow" and "lowbrow" culture. Film is as legitimate an art as theater, they say, and so is the music of the Beatles compared to that of Beethoven.

While it may not be exactly the same as going to a live Philharmonic concert, listening to records is a genuinely aesthetic experience. While the working classes have always possessed a vital culture of their own, modern technology—helped by certain appropriate sociopolitical adjustments—now holds out the promise of a universal high culture. As Read puts it with some exaggeration in *To*

harder than to distinguish good from bad art. There is always the possibility that a competent critic may have some personal ax to grind or has decided to put his pen up for sale. We must never forget that love of art and beauty is not the same as love of justice and fellow man. But note that in

Hell With Culture, in the democratic civilization of the future all workers will be artists, because "the artist is not a special kind of man, but every man is a special kind of artist."

Because it makes "the finer things in life" accessible to the many, the affluence of the advanced industrial countries in the West seems further to aggravate this problem. Here the meaning of "art" is daily decided by millions who are neither critics nor members of the relatively small "leisure class." By a kind of supply-side economics in an aesthetically neutral free market, the meaning of "art" expands to include anything that can be sold under that label. J.B. Priestly a generation ago coined the term "admass" to denounce this situation, and protests against such "commercialization of art" in the "consumer society" virtually at the mercy of the "mass media" have never really ceased. But they tend to be drowned in the noise of cash registers.

For some critics, this development is simply another proof of "capitalist decadence" and disintegration, and they may well be right. If beauty is what gives pleasure without

stirring desire, true enjoyment of art just might be one of those few things that money cannot buy. But it by no means follows that the salvation of art is to be found in "socialist realism." For if it is not for sale, so to speak, the experience of transcendent beauty certainly is not in the power of politics to give either.

Art and politics go together in our experience, because there is no art except in an organized community, and there is no community without politics. But that does not mean that politics and art cannot be meaningfully separated in social practice, and historical evidence suggests that such separation is especially beneficial to art. The flourishing of the fine arts in ancient Greece, in the Renaissance, and indeed in modern times must be attributed at least in part to their relative freedom from political interference. By contrast, to the extent that official policy in totalitarian states includes not just censorship of the arts but often also persecution of dissident artists, art suffers. Can mere makers of symbols of *social* reality ever attain transcendent beauty? Whatever one may think of the possibilities of a "command economy," "command art" is a contradiction in terms.

REVISIONS

Tattered Tom Returns

Horatio Alger lives. Only now his name is Donald Lambro, and he writes nonfiction. In *Land of Opportunity: The Entrepreneurial Spirit in America* (Boston: Little, Brown; \$17.95), Lambro investigates the rapid growth in the American economy during the early 1980's and finds that—surprise—almost all of the credit belongs to the plucky individuals who launched new small and mid-sized businesses in everything from homemade pies and herbal teas to ski hats and kitchen tools. If America had depended on the gray-flanneled executives sitting in the corporate boardrooms, we'd still be mired in recession.

Himself the son of a rags-to-riches Albanian immigrant, Lambro fits a dozen individual success stories into a broader analysis of the political and economic trends of the recent past. Lambro praises the Reagan Administration for giving entrepreneurs their chance by reducing taxes and government regulation and by resisting the phony arguments for economic planning and Federal jobs programs. Looking abroad, he finds the same patterns: economic freedom produces

wealth; taxes and regulation stifle growth.

Only ideologues and nervous bureaucrats will quarrel with Lambro's agenda for extending the Reagan Revolution through further deregulation and deeper tax cuts. And Lambro's upbeat tone and crisp style provide a refreshing approach to "the dismal science" of economics. Yet thoughtful readers may still wonder about the entrepreneurial *Wunderschaft* of the 1980's. The remarkable GNP increases in 1983 and 1984 that Lambro cites as evidence of healthy economic growth may mean less than he thinks, especially if we pay attention to what he tells us elsewhere about the changing character of the American economy.

In celebrating the entrepreneurship of "enterprising women," Lambro hails the unprecedented movement of women into "the U.S. economy's fastest-growing sector, the service industries." But has a nation really grown richer if all its meal preparation and child care is now bought and paid for (and so counted for the first time in the GNP) instead of being provided free by wives and mothers? (During the Great Depression and after, there were small American towns

where the main employment, so the stories go, was selling each other groceries.) We must also question the long-term economic effects of increased female employment upon an American birthrate already well below the replacement level. In European countries like Denmark and West Germany, where almost all women work, babies have almost disappeared.

Lambro has no more time to ponder these problems than he does the "declining employment in the industrial and manufacturing sectors." He is too busy cheering the equal-opportunity entrepreneurs who are setting up innovative new firms to provide legal services, nanny care, or hamburgers. No one can refute the overwhelming evidence that private initiative produces more wealth and jobs than government planning. Yet in a world of fast-food shops and sue-your-neighbor clinics, America's deeper social and cultural dilemmas may not yield to an entrepreneurial solution. And a GNP that rises off the top of the chart may not ensure the staying power of a society that must import not only all its steel, but also all its babies. (BC)

Showing that politics has no place in art, however, is only half of our problem. The complementary and much more difficult task is to show that art has no place in politics either. People readily grasp that art free from politics is possible only in a society in which politics, too, is in some sense free. But what even some great political philosophers do not seem to understand is that in order to be really free, politics must above all be free from art. The separation of art and politics, in order to be beneficial to society, cannot be one-sided. Free art in a free state is attainable only to the extent that the politics of that state is not turned into an art.

Political *savoir faire* in the sense of knowing how to get ahead and make the most of it to further one's own interests has been widely admired at least since the sophist contemporaries of Socrates offered this art for sale in ancient Greece. Thrasymachus summed up the formula: "To be really precise one must say that the ruler, insofar as he is a ruler, makes no mistakes, and so infallibly enacts what is best for himself, which his subjects must perform. And so, as I said to begin with, 'right' [justice] means the interest of the stronger party." We can hear an echo of this "sophisticated" view in H.D. Lasswell's famous definition of politics as "who gets what, when, how," a definition which haunted the behavioralist movement in the American political science a generation ago and may be expected to be heard again.

Fortunately, whether recommended as an ideal or merely presented as a "reality," this view of politics has always met with spirited challenge in both popular and philosophical opinion. In the American usage, "politician" carries a negative connotation precisely because people know that taking advantage of public office for personal gain is wrong. Thus even when they grudgingly admire a particular skillful politician in action, most people, including behavioralists, recognize that what they are watching is a performance by a "con-artist" and wish for a different kind of politics.

The art—*techné*—of politics, in the sense of "might makes right," is invariably associated with the teachings of Machiavelli. Yet what Machiavelli and Thrasymachus expect from politics are two quite different things, and their difference illustrates both the difficulty of ridding politics of art and the urgent necessity for it. Thrasymachus holds simply that there is nothing "wrong" with looking after one's own interests first and foremost. But Machiavelli seeks

power for a far loftier end, and that makes his defense of "the art of politics" so much more difficult to challenge.

The old Greek Sophist not only claims to be a realist but also admits freely to being a cynic. The wily Italian, however, wraps his equally cynical view of human nature and power in the colors of a patriot. Thrasymachus says, If I do not look after No. 1, who will? But Machiavelli claims legitimacy for his treacherous means not just in the name of "the art of politics" but also on behalf of its true end, namely, the public good. The Prince is urged to do all sorts of nasty things not for himself but for the greater good and glory of the State. It is the nobility of the end that justifies the wickedness of the means. As Mazzini was to say much later, "What scoundrels would we have been had we done these things for ourselves"—rather than for *La Patria*.

But is there really that much of a difference between Machiavelli's politics and that of Thrasymachus? Can one's art be said to be higher, or nobler, than the other's? Or do they not rather both make us think that perhaps politics ought not to be cultivated as an art, after all? To see better what these popular views really have in common and why they are both equally unacceptable, we need only to consider how Socrates himself claims to have proved Thrasymachus wrong. The art of politics as such, like the art of medicine or navigation or even sheepherding, Socrates holds, must be exercised not in the interest of the ruler but rather of the people, just as those other arts are exercised not in the interest of the practitioner but in the interest of the patient or the ship's crew and passengers or even the sheep. Convincing as it sounds, this argument is in fact profoundly misleading. For well-intentioned as it is, it represents but a cleaned-up version of politics as the supreme art, and were it to be accepted uncritically, it could cause more harm today than ever before in history.

Even the wisest of geniuses have their blind spots, and in defense of Socrates one could argue that it was actually love of mankind that prevented him from seeing that politics is no more an art than knowledge is a virtue. But be that as it may, the record shows that in constructing his ideal, just, and happy city, Socrates saw nothing wrong with employing some dubious means. True, in contrast to Machiavelli, he does not recommend assassination, terror, or even plain lies. But as is well-known, Socrates does insist not only on a "noble myth" of inequality among human beings but also on the need for continuous and most rigorous censorship of all the arts for the sake of universal happiness.

Even though the guardians of Socrates' ideal state—as described by Plato—care nothing about gold, fame, or anything else for themselves, they take care of the people precisely in the manner in which a good physician (or psychiatrist?) or a shepherd would care for his patients or sheep. More infallible than Thrasymachus' ideal ruler and more refined than Machiavelli's ruthless prince, Socrates' philosopher-king remains a political artist, engaged not so much in living as in *making* politics. His *savoir faire* consists in knowing how, literally, to *make* others happy.

From the modern democratic point of view, the advantage of government by philosopher-kings totally dedicated to the public good is nullified by Plato's (and Socrates') exclusion of the people even from the selection, let alone the control of the rulers. Consequently, Plato's political

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theory is often held up to ridicule and dismissed as aiming at something completely different from the aspirations of democratic politics. That, however, may be a serious mistake. For whatever else may be wrong with Plato's theory, it is not inconceivable that both elected leaders and those who elect them could adopt attitudes approximating more or less exactly the prescribed behavior of the two classes in the ideal city of Socrates. In fact, that is precisely the kind of situation that Tocqueville worried might develop as democracy takes hold and prospers, and it is not exactly the tyranny of the majority. He had no name for it, though he tried to describe it:

The species of oppression by which democratic nations are menaced is unlike anything else that ever before existed in the world. . . . I seek to trace the novel features under which [this] despotism may appear. . . . The first thing that strikes the observation is an innumerable multitude of men, all equal and alike, incessantly endeavoring to procure the petty and paltry pleasures with which they glut their lives. Each of them, living apart, is a stranger to the fate of all the rest; his children and his private friends constitute to him the whole of mankind. As for the rest of his fellow citizens, he is close to them, but he does not see them; he touches them, but he does not feel them; he exists only in himself and for himself alone; and if his kindred still remain to him, he may be said at any rate to have lost his country.

We recognize here the problem of political apathy traceable to a caricature of rugged individualism. But that is not the worst of it. For above this race of men, Tocqueville sees

another small group of men:

An immense and tutelary power, which takes upon itself alone to secure [men's] gratifications and to watch over their fate. That power is absolute, minute, regular, provident, and mild. It would be like the authority of a parent if, like that authority, its object was to prepare men for manhood; but it seeks, on the contrary, to keep them in perpetual childhood: it is well content that the people should rejoice, provided they think of nothing but rejoicing. For their happiness such a government willingly labors, but it chooses to be the sole agent and the only arbiter of that happiness; it provides for their security, foresees and supplies their necessities, facilitates their pleasures, manages their principal concerns, directs their industry, regulates the descent of property, and subdivides their inheritances: what remains, but to spare them all the care of thinking and all the trouble of living?

In contrast to Plato's eugenically bred guardians, the government Tocqueville fears is a freely elected government. But why does this government of the people, by the people, and most definitely for the people carry on more or less exactly as Plato expected his guardians to rule? The answer is simple: Because it practices politics as an art over people who accept politics as an art. Of course, totally dedicated democratic rulers are even less likely to be elected than philosopher-kings are to be born to power, but that is not the point. What matters here is that the ideal democratic state practicing politics conceived as an art would be at least as bad as the ideal aristocratic state wished for by Plato. In neither of these two models are the rulers taking

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Real People

The United States, as everyone used to know, was built by men and women who were not afraid to take risks. Whether it was the risk of starting up a new business, moving West, or coming to the New World, the people who became Americans were willing to bet on their own future. If this meant we were sometimes deaf to the call of community, it also meant that we have been unusually resistant to the siren songs of the collectivists who would stifle the spirit of enterprise.

Few people alive in America are better qualified to appreciate this national character trait than George Roche. Most intelligent conservatives are aware of Roche's labors as president of Hillsdale College and its many vigorous extracurricular

programs (e.g., Center for Constructive Alternatives) or as head of the National Institute of Education. But the most revealing fact about Mr. Roche is that he is a Westerner from Colorado. In *Going Home* (Ottawa, IL: Jameson Books), Roche fictionalizes (slightly) the story of four generations of Coloradans in his family. It is a wonderful book, full of courage, kindness, and the sort of characters we rarely meet except in the best fiction. The tales of Gramma Hagee and Grampa Stewart have the authentic ring of real lives lived by real people: As the narrator remarks at the end of his family history, "The important part of all this is people—families, loyalty, love, courage. Peoples. Reflections of the face of God."

Going Home is less of a novel and

more of a history, but not simply of George Roche's family. It is a history of the "ordinary" men and women who farmed and mined, got drunk occasionally on Saturday and sang all the louder in church on Sunday morning. As Andrew Lytle writes in his foreword, the home was the center of life. Behind the door, women ruled. "Beyond the door, the man was intended to take charge and make the living. . . . This was so in Tennessee as it was in Colorado, before the Liberals began to move progressively toward an impossibility, the perfectibility of man." The best thing we can say of George Roche is that he is a true Coloradan. The worst thing about Mr. Hart and his successor, Mr. Wirth, is that they are not.

advantage of their position; on the contrary, they willingly surrender their own happiness for the good of the whole community. And yet in both cases, the result is a human disaster. For, as Tocqueville puts it, such government "every day renders the exercise of the free agency of man less useful and less frequent; it circumscribes the will with a narrower range and gradually robs a man of all the uses of himself. . . . Such a power does not destroy, but it prevents existence; it does not tyrannize, but it compresses, enervates, extinguishes, and stupefies a people, till each nation is reduced to nothing better than a flock of timid and industrious animals, of which the government is the shepherd." It is enough to make one glad for the guaranteed supply of corrupt politicians in perpetuity.

Again, to expose the use of public power for private gain as an injustice is relatively easy. But in order to refute the legitimacy of artful means in what is perceived as a necessary defense of national interest, general welfare, and universal happiness, nothing less will do than a clear distinction between art and politics. Recent historical trends do not suggest that Tocqueville's fears for democracy were unfounded. But really to appreciate the dreadful menace hidden in politics conceived as an art, we must turn to a modern philosopher who cares more about art than about politics. For it is only when consciously approached from a radically aesthetic point of view that the inhumanity of politics conceived as a work of art is most plainly revealed.

Even though in *The Republic* Plato includes a theory of art as well as a discussion on the immortality of the soul, his main goal is still human justice. By contrast, all Nietzsche cares about is art, and he arrives at politics only by pursuing the ultimate in the aspiration of the human artist. In doing so, however, he also reveals for us the ultimate and the least tractable excuse for treating human beings as means, which is neither the greed of the strong nor the reason of State. Nietzsche's Zarathustra says that he strives not for happiness, his or anyone else's; he strives for his work. But what is the greatest work available to man? It is politics, whose raw material are beings made in the image of God: "The finest clay, the most precious marble—man—is here kneaded and hewn." The would-be superman—lurking in many a human heart—looks at politics as a work of art, that is, as something extraneous to man, and he will find beauty when it gives him pleasure without stirring compassion.

But politics can never be extraneous to man, a symbol of some "higher" reality. The good of the city pursued by politics is not something to be *made*, which could then be contemplated in its "otherness." Politics is forever what the ancients called an immanent activity, meaning that it cannot be judged apart from whoever is involved in it. The cook and the painter or composer or writer may all be rascals, or worse, and their work could still be beautiful. But that privilege is not afforded to either the statesmen or the citizens. Politics always asks, What is to be done? And the answer given, whichever way it turns out, shapes not so much the external reality as the character of the participating actors.

Recall how Lincoln explained his monumental decision to try to save the Union: "I do the very best I know how, the very best I can, and I mean to keep doing so until the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me

won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference." These immanent actions constitute what Hannah Arendt has called *vita activa*, the public life conducted by speech and judged not according to aesthetic but according to moral standards. To distinguish political decisions from what goes on in the world of art, we may also borrow from Gabriel Marcel. In making of things, we inevitably encounter "problems"; but in acting we are also confronted by "mystery," that is, "a problem which encroaches upon its own data." In other words, as we have already suggested, the aloofness which is required, in one way or another, for our art to be successful, has no place in either doing or evaluating politics.

Unfortunately, because it often pays off, artful pseudo-politics will never lack either practitioners or admirers. There will always be greedy politicians and others who will use politics to impose their own ideas of what is good for the people. Moreover, these rulers will always have defenders who will excuse or praise them, because they confuse politics with art. But right now, the efforts of influential thinkers seem to be in the opposite direction. While just a few years ago B.F. Skinner could write *Beyond Freedom and Dignity* in defense of allegedly scientific political techniques and receive a respectful, albeit mostly critical, response, social scientists today think nothing of publishing their research under such titles as *Social Science as Moral Inquiry* and *Habits of the Heart*.

Readers of the work of Jurgen Habermas, Alasdair MacIntyre, Hans-Georg Gadamer, Richard Rorty, William M. Sullivan, and others may easily conclude that all of them are trying in their different ways to revive or reinterpret or reinvent Aristotle's crucial distinction between *phronesis* (prudence) and *techné* (art), precisely in order to save politics from evaluation by standards proper only to art. To the extent that these writers and others succeed in their efforts, our understanding of politics is bound to improve. We shall come to see more clearly that politics is about people as persons and that any transcendent aspirations rather than elevating reduces it rather to artificial manipulation of human beings as means and things. We shall understand better that good intentions and even good results of manipulative politics are, as Tocqueville warned, deadly to humane living, and we shall try to change our practices accordingly.

In neither of these endeavors must we expect more than gradual and modest improvement. But we shall be helped in both if we remember that for a community to remain free it must not only keep politics out of the arts but also keep all art out of politics. In a free state, the leaders will not try to be political "artists," and the citizens will not have to judge their actions as they would judge a theatrical performance. Today it is still possible to describe a particularly clever move by an accomplished politician as "beautiful," even though everyone understands that the adjective describes an act that falls short of ordinary standards of human decency. We shall know that we have made progress when "ugly" and "beautiful" applied to politics do not mean the same as what they mean in art. For in the pursuit of the good life in common, artful actions are ugly; the beautiful—and the only truly decent kind—is totally artless politics.



More Money Than God *by Thomas L. Ashton*

"How shameless and how greedy all these people are!"

—Fyodor Dostoevsky

Greed and Glory on Wall Street: The Fall of the House of Lehman by Ken Auletta, New York: Random House.

Captain Money and the Golden Girl: The J. David Affair by Donald C. Bauder, New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; \$15.95.

Metal Men: Marc Rich and the 10-Billion-Dollar Scam by A. Craig Copetas, New York: G.P. Putnam's Sons; \$17.95.

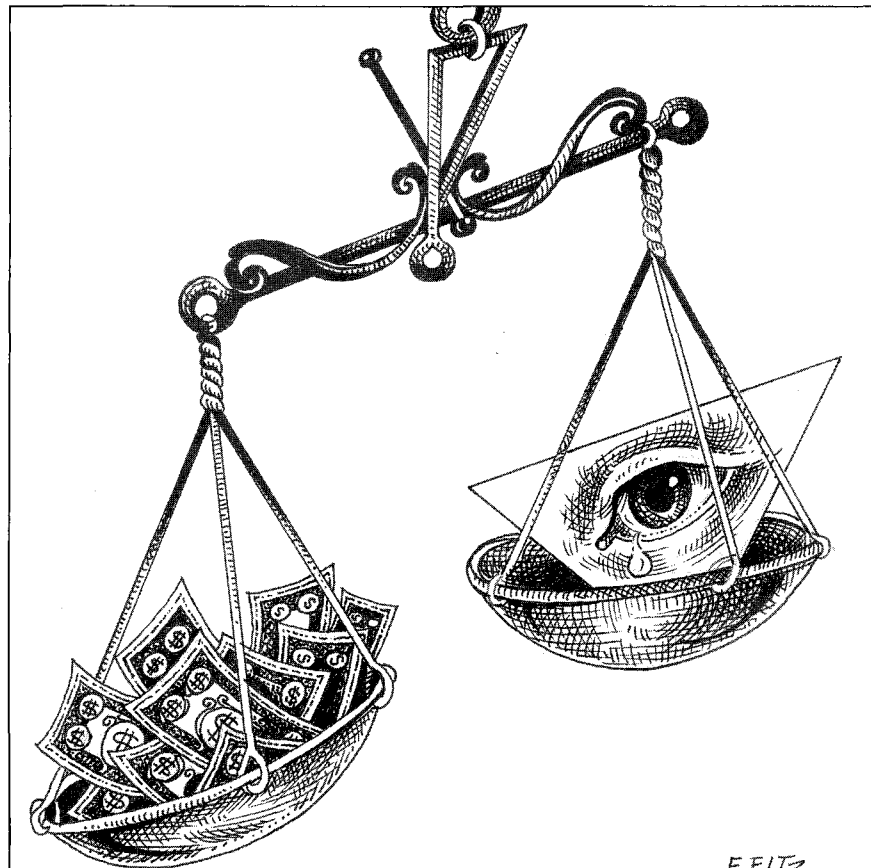
Once there were three finance firms and then there were none. One was a Ponzi scheme, one a tax fraud, and the last was sold to American Express for \$380 million. One CEO is broke and in jail; one is a wealthy fugitive from U.S. justice, living in Switzerland on a Spanish passport; and the third pocketed \$23 million of buyout money. If Theodore Dreiser had written *The Three Little Pigs*, he couldn't have exposed the ravenous greed of today's financial marketplace any better than these contemporary tales of business morality and the lack of it.

Fostered alike by the capital needs of big-deficit government and the abuse of deregulation, financial fraud is rampant. Record-setting insider trading,

tax evasion, bank failure, and investor bilking were commonplace in 1986. "Nobody steals Fred C. Dobbs' gold!" snarled Bogart in the film version of Traven's *Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, but the times have changed. Finance is a global high-tech operation, and the world is living on high-speed credit—theft is a cash flow problem that hurts only taxpayers, small inves-

tors, and out-of-work employees.

In the newly leveraged America, top executives have more money than God. What is said of Marc Rich & Co. is true for J. David Banking and Lehman—"There was so much money that everybody in the firm lost touch with reality. . . . They were so cocky that they thought their next deal would be for the nails that put Christ



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on the cross." But having more money than God means *two* things: To be rich as Croesus is also to mistake mammon for God. The proverbial saw is literally double-edged—to believe in money more than God is to have no god at all. Finance, meaning the banking that concludes a transaction, comes from the French for *end*, and when finance becomes an end in itself the moral consequences are devastating.

Starting with less than nothing in the basement of a Mexican restaurant in LaJolla, Jerry Dominelli raised \$200 million from investors in five years. Some of his clients got out of J. David with fat profits, but those who didn't lost \$100 million—including the \$10 million claimed by the IRS. It is doubtful that anyone believed Dominelli's phony track record of investment success in trading foreign currency in the unregulated interbank market. His customers were never told what and when they had traded, never received confirmations in their own name, never received audited statements, and were told only that their account was up X percent in a month. But the first investors were making 40 or 50 percent a year—because (as is the nature of all schemes called after the Boston swindler Charles Ponzi) they were being paid with the deposits of later recruits to the scam!

San Diego financial columnist Don Bauder writes: "For sophisticated investors, it was a battle between common sense and greed, and the latter won." For the less sophisticated it was a disaster built on the greater-fool theory—smart people went in and got out quickly, hoping to leave the losses to the next investor. The suckers included comedian Joey Bishop, San Diego Mayor Roger Hedgecock (later convicted of conspiring to funnel \$350 thousand from Dominelli sources to his campaign fund), and the Preacher's Aid Society of Decatur, Illinois, which manages pensions for 800 retired Methodist ministers and "keeps a modest amount of money on the side to take an occasional run at a high-flier." Having "checked out the Dominelli bank thoroughly before depositing any money," the executive secretary sent \$681,759.42 to J. David. Cupidity, not stupidity, was Dominelli's chief source of success.

The greed machine requires the

fantasy of a "pathological liar," as Dominelli's house lawyer styled him, and a true believer with the right connections, like socialite divorcee Nancy Hoover. Because the liar and the believer are not smart enough to cook up the scam, a villain is also needed to complete the cast. Deep Throat told Woodward and Bernstein to "follow the money," and in the case of J. David it leads to Mark Yarry, who did not flee to Montserrat with Dominelli and Hoover but escaped quietly to France with personal control of some \$3 million of J. David funds.

Bauder doesn't know why Yarry wasn't prosecuted, but he does suggest that Yarry's 1981 book, *The Fastest Game in Town: Commodities*, deliberately puffed Dominelli. Yarry also contributed the plan for currency trading through a Caribbean shell bank. The odd trio then bought a team of money-finders who paid as much as 20 percent of what they brought in: a prestigious law firm, Rogers & Wells, cost \$500 thousand a year more; for accountants, J. David used Laventhol & Horwath (who have yet to empty their deep pockets). Finally, a PR man was taken on for a six-figure fee so he can later tell a jury: "I don't rule out the possibility that . . . but I cannot answer the question in terms of specifics, because I do not recall. I don't think—I mean, it is altogether possible that I would have said . . . but I can't answer the question any more specifically than that because I do not recall. And I just barely recall the possibility that there may have been a luncheon at the Hilton involving Roger Hedgecock and myself."

J. David bought the mayor, but left state and Federal regulators to confuse themselves. Since the firm was not licensed to sell securities in California, its lawyers convinced the state that it was selling commodities. "We were unable to determine that [J. David] was doing business in the state," reported its own local bank, San Diego First National, with a blink. At the Federal level, the Commodities Futures Trading Commission was snookered because the accountants found that "due to a Montserrat statute relevant to bank confidentiality, the records of J. David banking could not be examined." But a Rogers & Wells attorney could take a peek at the books

and assure the accountants that all was in order. This "scope limitation" allowed Laventhol & Horwath to issue a clean bill of health. Then J. David wrote to the accounting firm that *it* approved of the altered procedure!

Both the SEC and the FBI looked J. David over and then looked away. Bauder writes: "The fact that J. David succeeded as long as it did is a powerful argument for strong government regulation. . . . The fact that J. David completely eluded federal and state regulators is an equally powerful argument that government regulation is a waste of time and money." More money than God made Dominelli the epitome of *self-deregulation*, but it was the same money that ultimately defeated him.

The evidence suggests "that the success of the scheme in fact stunned Dominelli. As the money poured in, even he might have understood that the more that came in, the deeper he would eventually be buried." J. David lost money in every foreign currency account people had knowledge of—at Bache, at Merrill Lynch, at Drexel—but still the money poured in. Captain Money and his Golden Girlfriend tried to spend their way out of the problem by acquiring three jets, dozens of \$100,000 foreign sports cars, race horses worth \$650,000, a \$50 thousand Bulgari emerald, \$1 million worth of ski condos in Utah, a Rancho Santa Fe estate and land worth \$3.2 million, \$5 million worth of elegant townhouses, a posh Italian restaurant in Del Mar, a Porsche racing team, and a stake in a gold mine. Ironically, the more they spent on conspicuous consumption, the more investor money rolled in. The weight of money and more money brought down the house of J. David because more money than God is a self-fulfilling prophecy with a bankrupt ending.

Marc Rich's billions were no less greedy than Dominelli's millions, and his daisy-chain operation—while not a Ponzi—no less a crime. As a former head of trading at Philipp Brothers remarked, "The world changed in 1973. . . . Everybody got greedy." The Arab-Israeli war meant OPEC, and OPEC meant spot-oil trading on a scale never before realized, and "it was the oil money that made everybody crazy." By 1980 the Rich empire was

making \$367 million a year. By 1984 he was making enough money to view the \$50,000 *a day* fine levied on his companies as a nuisance fee aiding his successful delaying tactics in the largest individual tax evasion case ever. Rich settled with the government for \$210 million, while safe from personal prosecution in Zug. But the arrogance that comes with more money than God soon had him boasting that he could trade his way out of the loss in less than a year.

Copetas' badly written book outlines Rich's crime but not its subtleties. During the oil crisis, Rich would sell OPEC oil to a domestic company for less than the \$35 market price. In return, the company would sell him controlled \$6/barrel "old" domestic crude. Rich would then whip around title to the old oil using his own domestic and Panamanian companies until it lost its identity and emerged at the end of the chain as new oil worth the market price. But what Rich made was more than the difference between six and 35 dollars; profited at *every* point in the chain. "Marc Rich, say those who know him," Copetas writes, "would make a pact with the devil if he could become a cartel"—which in effect he did.

Rich started trading for Philipp Brothers in the 1950's, and as the firm's man in Castro's Havana, he learned the exploitation needed to conduct business in the Third World. "Rich more than any other Philipp's trader stretched the fine line between graft and gift." He used the same techniques later when he was trading Iranian chrome, developing intimate contacts with high Persian ministers and members of the Shah's family. The same techniques also worked with the Marcos government in the Philippines, and equally with Marxist rebels in Angola. The Russians, also Rich clients, defended him against U.S. persecution with an editorial in *Izvestia*. The Iranian connections helped Rich buy crude at a \$5 premium over spot prices in 1973. He was stockpiling in advance of the first embargo, but Philipp's forced him to abandon the position. Frustrated, Rich quit, taking the best of the firm's younger traders with him, and went out and bought an oil tanker.

Oil prices soared, but somehow

Rich was able to buy \$20 OPEC oil for \$15 and sell it at spot for \$24. The \$125,000 a Rich trader claims to have deposited regularly into the coded Swiss account of an Iranian oil minister must have helped. By 1980 Rich was selling ARCO 40,000 barrels a day at an \$8 premium over the official Nigerian price (which he didn't pay) of \$24—and this cost ARCO less than the spot price for 27 million barrels. Rich even sold Nigerian oil to South Africa, and when his suppliers found out by following his tanker, it cost "one million chocolates to get the contract back." The payola—only a down payment on a \$12 billion deal—went to a transport minister related to former Nigerian President Shegari, "whose regime personified corruption in the Third World."

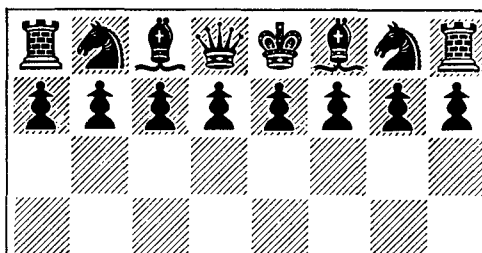
Even when the Shah died, Rich kept right on making money in Iran; characteristically his traders immediately took Khomeini's oil ministers out to lunch. Rich knew that in the 1930's Texaco had made money by selling oil to Franco and got away with it. In the 1980's he would do the same by buying from the enemy instead—a crime during the Carter Administration. During the hostage crisis, Rich & Co. bought millions of barrels of Iranian crude at half the \$40 spot price and paid for it with what the Ayatollah wanted most—arms!

Rich was making more money than God before he joined other daisy-chainers. It is a measure of his own arrogance, and of the way greed worked to bring about his downfall, that he decided to make even more by cheating the U.S. government. But Rich could not resist. He made money selling the cheap oil he got from Nigeria in the U.S.; he made money on the cheap oil he illegally bought from Khomeini and sold at home; he made money by getting domestic old oil *at a further discount* in return; he created tax advantages for his domestic subsidiaries by selling this oil at a loss to his Panamanian companies; he created tax-free profits for those firms by selling the old oil at a gain multiplied by the difference between old and new oil; and he could even pump the new old oil back into the chain if the spot price went to a premium.

It took the Department of Energy eight years to find out what was

happening—bureaucratic stupidity can do the work of chocolates. But Federal accountants finally figured out that more than 400 million barrels of old oil had disappeared, based on a comparison of old oil bought at the well and the amount arriving at the refineries. The government response was typically absurd—DOE set a 20¢-a-barrel profit limit on old oil! At least Rich's prosecution brought in \$210 million.

As Ken Auletta explains, greed for more money than God turned the heads of the respectable investment bankers of the house of Lehman. (This is a book that can't be put down—at a recent meeting with an SEC official, the first question I was asked as an investment advisor was whether I had read it.) One Lehman partner told



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Auletta: "We were making money. All the people cared about was their money. Greed." Another remarked that "Lehman was held together strictly by money, blood money."

But despite the money pouring into the firm, the Lehman partners "did not think of themselves as wealthy, despite annual earnings ranging from \$500,000 to more than \$2 million, in addition to owning millions of dollars in Lehman stock." And when Peter Cohen, head of the Shearson side of Shearson/AMEX, pushed his bid for Lehman—boasting that he made "\$1.2 million last year, and seventeen people at Shearson made more than me!"—the Lehman partners "rolled their eyes," because as one said, "after taxes we all made more than him." Once you get more money than God you *need* more money than God. The fall of the house of Lehman came about when its partners discovered they didn't have enough.

By 1967, Lehman—founded in 1850 by German-Jewish immigrant brothers who started trading cotton in Montgomery, Alabama—was responsible for \$3.5 billion in underwriting and was among the top four Wall Street investment banks. Auletta's narrative begins in 1969 with the death of Bobbie Lehman, the last of the name to run the partnership and the ruler whose twofold legacy began the firm's demise. Bobbie groomed no successor and established no system of consensual governance. Individual partners knew how to manage individual clients but not how to manage themselves collectively.

In 1973 they chose Pete Peterson, who had come to the firm only two months earlier when President Nixon deposed him as his Commerce Secretary, as CEO—on the basis of his administrative experience. The second half of Bobbie's legacy consisted of Lew Glucksman, hired away from A.G. Becker in 1962 with his own commercial-paper team to establish trading at Lehman. Bankers initiate loans; traders sell and buy the collateral—Bobbie wanted to make money on both sides of the financing process. The two-fold approach seemed the only way to deal with dramatic changes on Wall Street. Lehman's story is one of the tragic conflict of Glucksman and Peterson, each try-

ing in his own way to deal with the other, and with the larger forces at work in the leveraging of America.

Deregulation increased competition on Wall Street. Investment banking quickly became less a matter of social and political connections and more a matter of price. Giant corporations could now afford to hire their own money managers, who sought to maximize profit on a day-to-day basis rather than worry about the firm's long-term profitability. Trading was in the ascent and by 1983 accounted for more than two-thirds of Lehman profit. Risk arbitrage and new financial instruments further emphasized trading. Investment banks needed more capital—Lehman could trade \$15 billion of government financing in a single day.

The increased need for capital and markets forced the creation of financial super stores—Prudential plus Bache, Dean Witter plus Sears. The takeover of Lehman has been called "McDonald's taking over the '21'"—but the real name of the hamburger joint was Hayden, Stone, Shearson, Hamill, Lamson, Faulkner, Dawkins, Sullivan, Loeb, Rhodes, Hornblower, AMEX. Merger mania drove up the prices of financial firms along with the rising price of financial assets, and because the firms were worth more, more partners were willing to sell them, particularly Lehman partners, who were required at age 60 to sell their shares back to Lehman for book value only (ca. \$1,250).

The polarization of bankers and traders at Lehman was no different from that of cowmen and farmers in the Old West. Bankers held 67 percent of the shares and 51 of the 79 partner titles, but the traders were bringing in more than twice the profits. Glucksman proposed a radical redistribution of the shares, and Peterson turned him down, setting the stage for a power struggle. The outcome of that struggle was first determined by money and then by greed for even more. Money in the form of gushing profits helped make Glucksman co-CEO in 1983. Shortly thereafter he engineered the coup which forced Peterson out.

But in the months before his golden handshake took effect, Peterson forced Glucksman not out of his job but out of his company. The ebb and flow of this struggle is portrayed with genius in

Auletta's account, and the same strength powers his conclusion: "Greed was the word that hovered over the troubled partnership. To their faces Glucksman accused the senior bankers of *greed* for money. Behind his back, senior bankers accused Glucksman of *greed* for power. Traders said the bankers were *greedy* because they were privately angling to sell the firm. Bankers said the traders were *greedy* to steal their shares and to take such fat bonuses."

Tensions at Lehman centered on Glucksman's suspicion that Peterson wanted to sell the firm before he turned 60 in order to sell his thousands of shares at a profit well over book value and at the expense of partners with far fewer shares. "There is no question he was interested in selling the business," says Glucksman, "he was obsessed with money." Neither man, however, was to determine Lehman's fate. Not even the Lady Macbeth of the conflict—Peterson's wife, Joan Ganz Cooney, founder of Children's Television Workshop—could decide the issue, though she seems to know more about the games big people play than her recent libertarian Smith College commencement address on economic equality would suggest: "She knew that Glucksman was violently opposed to the idea of selling the firm, while it was Pete's private hope to sell Lehman before he reached sixty." "Pete certainly hoped it would sell in that period," she told Auletta, "and we'd have no money worries. . . . Our sole interest was in getting as much money as we could." At the time of these remarks, her husband was earning the equivalent of \$5 million a year after taxes.

But Peterson's greed and Glucksman's passion were equally ineffective in the end. The market itself had its revenge on the house of Lehman. Late in 1983, profits dried up as trading losses escalated, and Lehman was down \$30 million by the end of March 1984 and more than that amount in the following month alone. "Glucksman was shorn of his armour. No longer was he a guaranteed money maker. A fickle market had denuded a troubled partnership." Peterson walked away with a package worth \$23 million. "Maybe it's a little too rich," he remarked to the AMEX people.

A Touch of Class *by Thomas P. McDonnell*

"The market may have its martyrdoms as well as the pulpit; and trade its heroisms, as well as war."

—John Ruskin

Honorable Men by Louis Auchincloss, Boston: Houghton Mifflin; \$15.95.

We were two old parties, my visiting brother and I, sitting under the grape arbor at the end of a mild summer day. When I say "two old parties," however, in the manner of Somerset Maugham, I do not mean that we were either ancient or as acrimonious as the great British novelist was said to have been in his last days. The fact is, I don't think that my brother and I are in our last days, as such, but we have seen enough early ones to know that we are well on our way. I mention this at all only because something he said to me may in turn have something to do with the way one settles down to reading a traditional novelist like Louis Auchincloss.

Anyway, my brother said to me: "You know, Tom, we are the last stable generation." I gathered immediately what he meant by this, that the many married children of the several branches of the clan were simply riddled with broken families, divorce, and ill-willed lawsuits. Since, too, we had both served with overseas forces in World War II, I said in response: "We were also the last great middle-class Army. There will never again be armed forces in this country of the caliber and education we had then." In saying this, the aim was not pride or self-congratulation but a kind of mutually wistful acknowledgment that an age had passed.

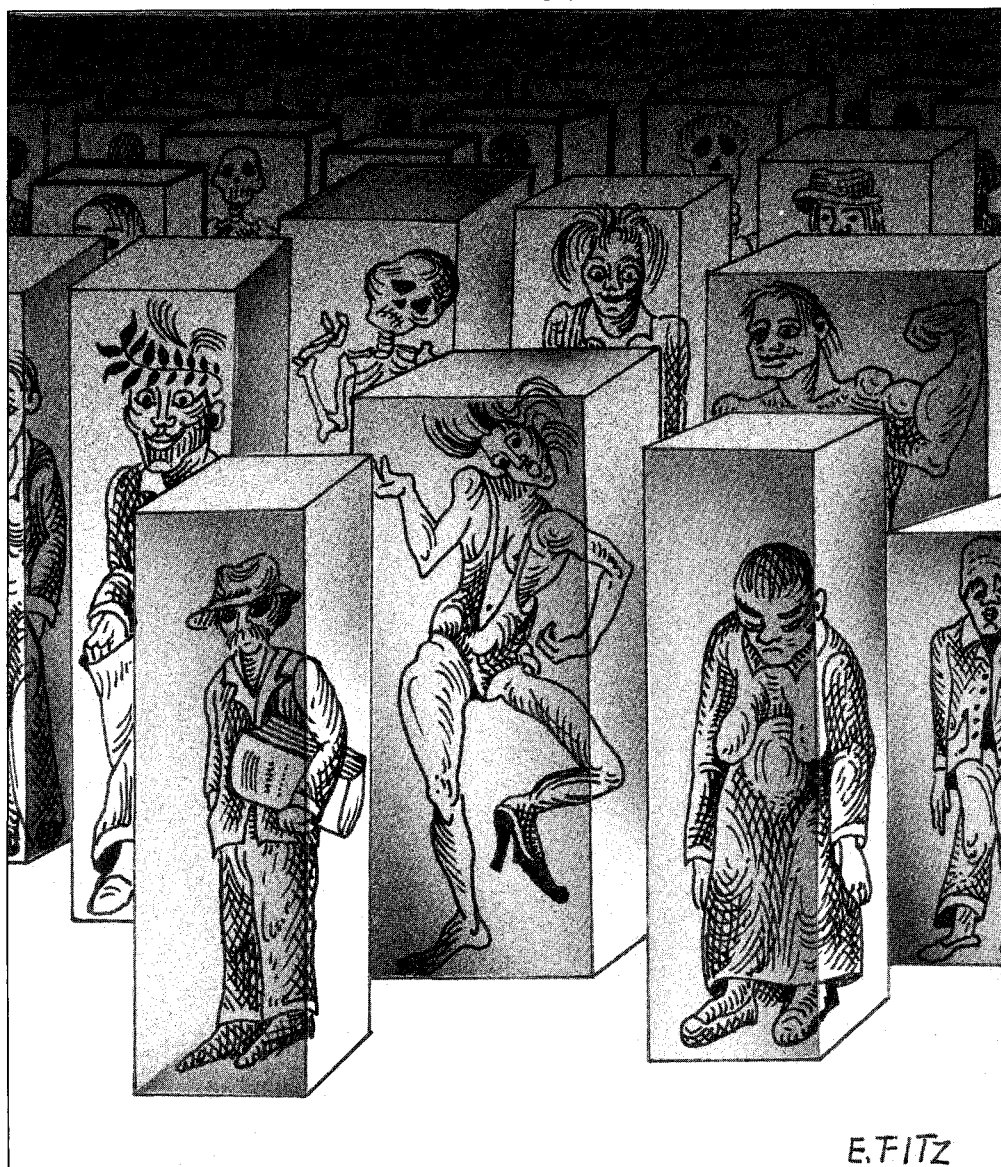
The age we mourn is the age of Louis Auchincloss. It was the age of class. I do not mean class, of course, in the sense of a British caste system and all that; but there was a truly shared sense of decency abroad and maybe, above all, a sense of responsibility at almost every level of the social structure in those days. The generation just coming into its maturity be-

fore World War II had somehow already grasped, despite an ominous future, the idea that we were about to take our place in the world. We were to be held responsible for the quality of our efforts and for the choices we made. This may sound like a training manual for the upper classes, but it was in fact the very stuff taught to us by dedicated, if also anonymous, teachers in the average American public schoolroom.

The novels of Louis Auchincloss

declare, in their quiet way, that these things still matter. He is even now old-fashioned enough to say that a sense of decency in family and business, often in both of these aspects at once, matters a great deal and should continue to be the standard by which we are judged. People do not often think of themselves as being judged these days, the liberties already having been won to do just about anything we please. That is to say, ourselves to please. This has become so much the case, I'm afraid, that Louis Auchincloss is not the kind of novelist that the Serious Critics can take seriously. A sense of responsibility, moreover, is too easy for them. Alienation is the big theme today.

Another reason the Serious Critics do not pay much attention to Louis



E. FITZ

Thomas P. McDonnell is a free-lance writer living near Boston.

Auchincloss is that he does not provide for them an order of inquiry which simulates the rigors of the scientific method. Serious Critics, of course, have to justify their own existence in a predominantly scientific age and in a university atmosphere which heavily favors the latest and most ponderous of pedantries (whatever they may be), as in, for example, the current ascendancy of the so-called deconstructionists. We have much too hastily forgotten, to our own extreme disadvantage, the commonsense dictum issued some years ago by T.S. Eliot in which he suggested that the soundest critical method is simply to be very intelligent. The evidence to the contrary, however, presumes that the Serious Critic has to be densely difficult in order to simulate any intelligence at all.

The real difficulty is that Louis Auchincloss is a reasonable novelist. This statement is based on the observation that very few contemporary novelists are in any way remarkably reasonable. Louis Auchincloss is not only an intelligent novelist (Strike one!) but he is also a social regitrite (Strike two!) and a Wall Street lawyer (Strike three!) in the bargain. He is, in short, just about everything that celebrity book reviewers—or, as Gore Vidal calls them, the book-chatters—fancy least. To them, in fact, Auchincloss is the enemy.

But in his charming memoir, *A Writer's Capital* (University of Minnesota Press, 1979), Auchincloss is fully aware of his critical difficulties as a novelist. His background, he readily admits, "was quite enough for half the people at any one party to cross me off

as a duckbill platypus not to be taken seriously." If you substitute Serious Critics for Auchincloss' "half the people at any one party," you will have seized upon the prevailing attitude which continues to ignore, if not treat with contempt, one of our finest novelists of manners and morals. The term itself, "novelist of manners," is generally used by the Serious Critics as a category for dismissal. But quality in abundance is not easy to dismiss.

With some 28 volumes of novels and short stories to his credit, including such outstanding titles as *The House of Five Talents* (1960) and *The Rector of Justin* (1964), Auchincloss' most recent work is the novel *Honorable Men*, which centers on one Charles "Chip" Benedict. A World War II hero in the Normandy landing, Benedict returns to civilian life to become chairman of the board of the Benedict Glass Company, founded by his grandfather. Laudatory articles about him are published in both *Fortune* and *Forbes*, and his success is thereby granted the official recognition of corporate America. There are the usual domestic problems, meaning of course marital difficulties with his wife, Alida (the name echoing that of Auchincloss' real wife, Adele); but the burden of the novel is strictly a man's business during the Vietnam era. Benedict has taken a sabbatical from his law practice to serve as special assistant to the Secretary of State. Benedict's job is to prove the feasibility, if not the morality, of U.S. involvement in Southeast Asia. He suffers a crisis of conscience and quits the department.

In this particular work, in many ways a microcosm of the Auchincloss oeuvre, it is only mildly perplexing to wonder just how much personal fun the author is having with his hero's name and the title of the book itself—that is, Benedict (Arnold), of course, and Shakespeare's "So are they all, all honorable men" from *Julius Caesar*. Also, "Chip" (off the old block) seems equally obvious, with "block" signifying Establishment, etc. Nevertheless, the Auchincloss shelf of novels is a considerable achievement in a tradition that can claim Henry James and Edith Wharton as its precursors. It is no coincidence that Auchincloss has written outstanding studies of both authors.

Louis Auchincloss is not only one of our finest chroniclers of manners and morals, or what's left of them, but he also has applied to these beleaguered entities a high degree of professional integrity while, at the same time, focusing on the usually despised world of Big Business itself. As Gore Vidal has said, in an unusual display of rationality, reviewing Auchincloss' *The Partners* (1974): "Of all our novelists, Auchincloss is the only one who tells us how our rulers behave in their banks and board rooms, their law offices and their clubs. Yet such is the vastness of our society and the remoteness of academics and book-chatters from actual power that those who should be most in this writer's debt have no idea what a useful service he renders us by revealing and, in some ways, betraying his class. Almost alone among our writers, Auchincloss is able to show in a convincing way men at work."

In any case, the first important novel of business in American fiction was probably William Dean Howells' *The Rise of Silas Lapham* (1885), but Howells was unfortunate in choosing for his prototype a figure of the crudely self-made man who would shortly become extinct in the increasingly sophisticated and complex world of modern industry. And yet, clearly, Auchincloss continues to share with Howells the problem of how to survive as a moral human being in any milieu which deals essentially with the spirit and nature, so often ruthless, of human competition. For the novelist Auchincloss, this was the world as seen through the eyes of a successful attorney among the well-off and even the very powerful, who, for all that, remains nonetheless human and vulnerable.

I remembered these things when I sat with my brother, two old parties, on a late summer day and mourned the passing of an age. But we still have something left of that age in the novels of a very decent and responsible man named Louis Auchincloss. I wanted especially to say this because, in reading him, it helps to have lived in his time and to have shared such values of his—and our—generation as now seem sadly on the wane. Meanwhile, of course, the Serious Critics will have taken little note of all this.

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The Bureaucrat and the Shoe Salesman *by Samuel T. Francis*

*"Among the many priests of Jove . . . all passed
muster that could hide
Their sloth, avarice, and pride."*

—Bernard Mandeville

The Bureaucratization of the World
by Bruno Rizzi, New York: The Free Press.

Bruno Rizzi's *La Bureaucratization du Monde*, first published in Paris in 1939 and Part I of which is here translated by Adam Westoby into English for the first time, is the obscure work of an obscure man. A hanger-on of both Communists and fascists, a traveling shoe salesman with little formal education or learning, and a vocal anti-Semite who admired both Adolf Hitler and Leon Trotsky, Bruno Rizzi attracted virtually no serious attention during most of his life and probably deserved less than he received. His book was impounded by French authorities because of its racial slurs; and copies of it have been rare ever since. Its style and contents are not particularly pleasing or original, although some passages are amusing because of the invective that is customary in Marxist polemics. The book created a stir in Trotskyist and dissident Marxist circles in the 1930's, but it has had little influence on sociological thought since its suppression removed it from the reach of most scholars. Why, then, has it been republished at all?

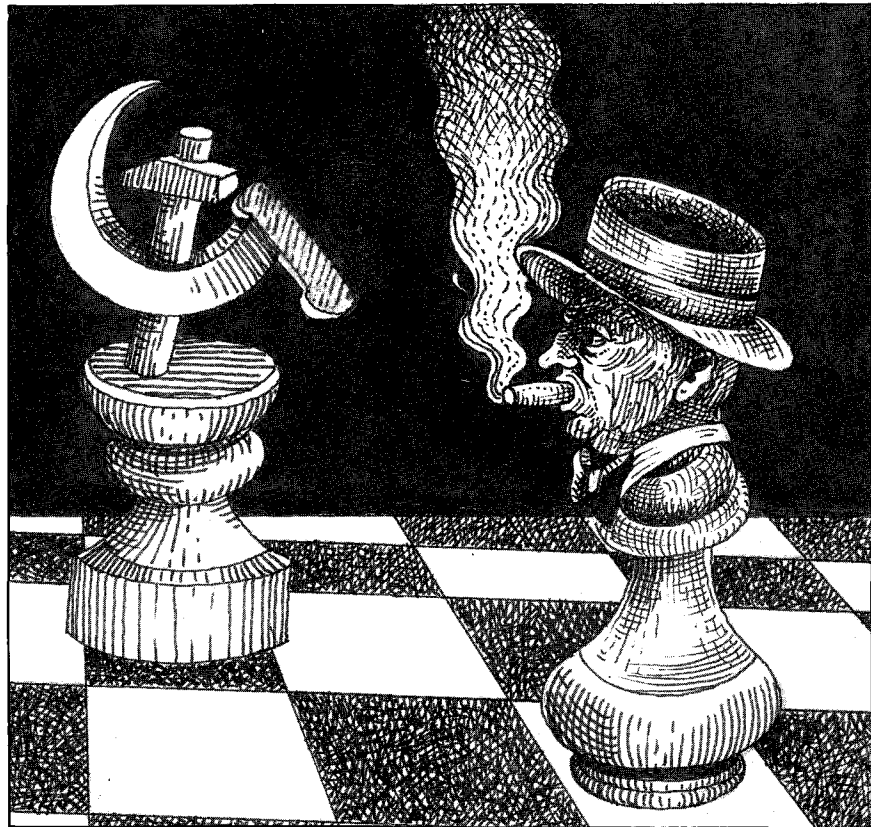
Rizzi's book acquired historical value because it played a part in the dispute within the Trotskyite movement over the nature of the Soviet Union under Stalin. It is Rizzi's argument that what was happening in Western Europe, Russia, and the United States in the 1930's was indeed the collapse of capitalism and bourgeois society. Unlike most Marxists, however, he argued that what was superseding capitalism was not socialism or the rule of the proletariat but a *tertium quid* that he identified as "bureaucratic collectivism," a collectivist

economy ruled by an elite of state bureaucrats, technicians, managers, and functionaries. Rizzi regarded this system as the underlying unity beneath the apparent differences separating Soviet, Nazi, and New Deal governments, and he predicted its ultimate worldwide development.

Rizzi's thesis excited controversy among Trotskyites because it directly challenged Trotsky's continuing defense of the Soviet Union as a "worker's state," despite its "temporary" deformation by Stalin, and because it challenged also the essential points of Marxist theory. If the capitalist era is ending and if it is being succeeded by a new form of class exploitation, then the Marxist prophecy of a classless social order is wrong. If a new form of exploitation arises that is not based on property but on state power, then the Marxist mode of analysis—its claim

that property and social and economic class based on property are the sources of exploitation—is also wrong. Trotsky and his circle might have ignored Rizzi's challenges, but they could not afford to do so. It was obvious to them that something strange was happening in the Soviet Union that neither Marx nor Lenin could explain, and unless Trotsky could reconcile the rise of Stalinism with some version of Marxist predictions and categories, then the whole body of Marxism would, in a matter of time, be discarded.

Trotsky tried to meet Rizzi's arguments before his murder in August 1940, but the controversy over Rizzi's book might have ended there. However, in 1941 a former disciple of Trotsky, said by some to be his "most brilliant" follower, published a book that argued a thesis very similar to that of Rizzi and which influenced a generation of intellectuals who, in the wake of Stalin, were beginning to abandon Marxism as a source of theory and action. This former disciple was James Burnham, and the book he published was *The Managerial Revolution*.



Samuel T. Francis is the author of Power and History: The Political Thought of James Burnham.

By the 1950's, when the Hungarian revolution and Milovan Djilas' *The New Class* generated renewed interest in the social and political evolution of Communist systems, Rizzi had generally been forgotten. In 1958 an article appeared in France that cited Rizzi, then believed to be dead, as the source of Djilas' theory. To the astonishment of many, Rizzi turned out to be alive, and he wrote a letter to the editor of the journal where the article about him had appeared in which he bitterly accused Burnham of having plagiarized his ideas. Daniel Bell (a younger member of the Socialist Workers Party at the time that Burnham, Max Schachtman, and others were challenging Trotsky's interpretation of Stalinism and later a co-worker with Burnham in the Congress for Cultural Freedom in the 1950's), gave currency to the charges of Burnham's plagiarism in *The New Leader*. The charge was not invented by Rizzi, however, and it has followed Burnham's reputation like Banquo's ghost ever since.

It is the great merit of Mr. Westoby's

erudite introduction to his edition of Rizzi that this ghost is finally laid to rest. As Bell acknowledged at the time and as Westoby reaffirms, the idea of a bureaucratic transformation of capitalism was "in the air" in the late 19th and early 20th centuries, much as were ideas about flying machines and horseless carriages, and who influenced whom is not always easy to discern, nor indeed worth discerning. The Polish anarchist Wacław Machajski had developed a similar thesis a generation earlier, as had Thorstein Veblen in his *The Engineers and the Price System* in 1919. The seeds of the idea can be found in Max Weber and Vilfredo Pareto and indeed in Adam Smith and Karl Marx. In the 1930's A.A. Berle and Gardiner C. Means developed a similar thesis in *The Modern Corporation and Private Property*, and by the post-World War II era the idea of a managerial revolution, in one form or another, had become a commonplace, though still rejected by Marxists and the political left.

Not only did Burnham not plagia-

rize Rizzi, it is also probable that Burnham himself influenced the development of Rizzi's ideas. Westoby points out, for the first time, that in 1937 Burnham published an article under a pseudonym, arguing that the Soviet Union was neither capitalist nor socialist but some other kind of political-economic system, that Trotsky had referred and replied to this article, and that Rizzi, though he was unaware of Burnham's authorship, was undoubtedly influenced by Burnham's idea *before* he wrote *The Bureaucratization of the World*.

Anyone who reads both Rizzi's book and Burnham's attentively will see at once that Burnham owed little to the shoe salesman. *The Managerial Revolution*, despite its flaws, is a far more sophisticated, learned, and closely reasoned work than anything Rizzi wrote. There is no apparent similarity of text or style, and Burnham made use of a number of sociological perspectives, especially those of Pareto and Mosca, besides that of Marx.

REVISIONS

From Lima to Tammany Hall

Many Americans know W.R. Grace & Company as one of the nation's leading chemical manufacturers, with significant holdings in restaurants, retailing, and agriculture. It may come as a surprise to them that the company began in the Peruvian guano trade of the mid-1800's. In *Grace: W.R. Grace & Co., The Formative Years, 1850-1930* (Ottawa, IL: Jameson Books; \$22.50), Lawrence A. Clayton recounts the story of the founding and remarkable rise of this Pan-American company. It is a story as much about Peru and its Latin American neighbors as it is about the dynamic Grace family.

When William Russell Grace first arrived in Peru in 1851 as a young man of 19, he found a backward country, steeped in the superstitions of an Incan past, overlaid with the feudal Spanish traditions brought by the conquistadors. As Peru charted its torturous passage

into the modern world of railroads, electricity, and democracy, few men more decisively influenced its progress than this ambitious young Irishman. During the 1850's, William Grace established himself as a provider of naval stores to the ships carrying loads of guano away from Peru's Chincha Islands. In the years that followed, he boldly expanded his Peruvian-based operations, with the help of his brothers, John and Michael, and his son, Joseph. His diverse enterprises in sugar, rubber, airlines, mining, lumber, and shipping did as much to modernize Peru as they did to enrich the company accounts.

Clayton concedes that, like other multinationals, W.R. Grace & Co. may be charged with "the extension of capitalistic imperialism," since the company's quest for profits did not always enhance the Peruvian culture or serve the Peruvian people. Yet Clayton stresses the pivotal role of W.R. Grace in bringing to Peru "better public services, im-

proved medical care, [and] increased material benefits for the population at large." And it was Michael Grace who guided Peru through a potentially explosive debt crisis in the 1880's by renegotiating the nation's railroad bonds.

Nor was Peru the only nation to benefit from the political initiative of the Grace family. Leaving Michael in charge in Peru, William moved in 1866 to New York, where he won election as mayor in 1880 and led the fight against Tammany Hall corruption. A businessman experienced in dealing with Latin American dictators and in shipping animal wastes came doubly prepared for the world of NYC politics. Readers of Clayton's engaging account of William Grace's relentless struggle for better government may be glad that the family tradition has continued in the person of Peter Grace, the tireless head of the Reagan Administration's Grace Commission on government waste.

Burnham's originality consisted in two daring ideas. First, by adapting the idea of Berle and Means that the modern corporation effects a "separation of ownership and control," a separation between the stockholders (the legal owners of a corporate firm) and its managers, Burnham redefined management to mean those who perform the technical functions of production rather than (as in Berle and Means's theory) those who have acquired legal control. In Burnham's view, those who can perform the technical functions can wrest effective control of the corporation away from stockholders, corporate officials, or others legally entitled to exercise control.

Second, using this functional definition of manager, Burnham argued that the bureaucrats of the modern state, as well as the officials of mass labor unions and the other mass organizations of modern society, perform technical functions analogous to those of the corporate managers, that they too are able to usurp control of their organizations and that they all have a common material interest and a common world view. In short, a new managerial class emerges that seizes power in the state and the economy and becomes a new ruling class.

The managers, in Burnham's theory, make use of collectivist, social engineering ideologies (Marxism, fascism, modern liberalism) to rationalize their power, seek to suppress the institutions and ideas of the traditional bourgeois or entrepreneurial elite, and try to remold society into conformity with their interests and mentality. In international affairs the managerial super-states seek to replace the nation-state with transnational empires and engage in a "struggle for the world," the first phase of which was World War II and the continuation of which is the "Third World War" between the United States and the Soviet Union. Those who recall Burnham's articles and columns in *National Review* from 1956 to 1978 will perhaps recognize some of these themes.

Admittedly, Burnham's interpretation of current world affairs was badly flawed by the persistence of economic determinism in his mind and by his use of the totalitarian regimes in Russia and Germany as models for all

managerial societies, including what was happening in the United States. Despite these conceptual errors, which he later abandoned as his mind matured away from Marxism, Burnham's essential thesis still explains both how technically specialized bureaucrats, technocrats, and managers have displaced traditional elites in the United States and other developed societies and why this new elite or new class promotes a world view fundamentally hostile to the institutions and values of the traditional West.

Very few of these ideas are present in Rizzi's meager contribution, or at least in the first part of *The Bureaucratization of the World*, which is all that is published here, though Rizzi did perceive the fundamental unity of Nazi Germany, Stalinism, and the New Deal. Certainly there is no similarity of the texts of Burnham and Rizzi, and the charge of plagiarism approaches absurdity. I, for one, fail to see how Burnham can be accused of stealing Rizzi's ideas when Rizzi himself had published his ideas two years before. Rizzi's ideas had become public property, and no one paid much attention because there just weren't many ideas there. People did pay attention when Burnham published two years later, because his ideas were far more haunting and compelling. Those who have charged Burnham with plagiarism, one begins to suspect, have acted on ulterior motives, not the least of which may have been a desire to discredit and dismiss the theory of the managerial revolution without attending to its merits.

Burnham's thesis challenges not only Marxist theory by arguing that exploitation would not end with a revolution carried out in the name of Marx but also much of the conventional wisdom of liberals and conservatives alike. It challenges liberal platitudes because it portrays "big government" not as the democratically restrained friend of the common man but as the tool of a self-interested elite of bureaucrats. It challenges conservative platitudes because it portrays "big business" not as a larger version of the entrepreneurial and morally rooted economy of the 19th century but as a form of collectivism, fused with the state, controlled by essentially the same elite, and directed against the

social, economic, political, and intellectual fabric of traditional culture. In seeking to protect the business establishment and in encouraging government intervention, conservatives and liberals are merely perpetuating and extending the managerial regime.

Although Burnham did not explicitly develop the implication, his theory of the managerial revolution pointed to a populist counterrevolution against the managerial establishment, not the dwindling resistance of a moribund bourgeois class, as the logical challenge, the new antithesis, to the managerial regime. It is no accident that the American and European left, from 1941 to the present day, has been pounding away at the underpinnings of Burnham's theory. The left, which represents the ideological vanguard of the managerial class, understands a threat when it sees one.

Nor is it surprising that Burnham's ideas have never excited mainstream American conservatives, who, themselves largely drawn from bourgeois strata, remain enthralled by the fantasy of a restoration of bourgeois society. Except for The Ingersoll Prizes (administered by The Rockford Institute), which honored Burnham in 1983 with The Richard M. Weaver Award, and his circle of friends at *National Review*, apparently few conservatives remember him or appreciate the major contributions he made to the political thought of the American right. Despite George Orwell's use of *The Managerial Revolution* as the basis for 1984 and despite Irving Kristol's acknowledgment of Burnham's influence on neoconservative ideas of the "new class," he remains, in the words of a *National Review* editorial, a "non-person."

The republication of Bruno Rizzi's "underground classic" will not therefore do much to preserve or "restore" Rizzi's reputation as a social thinker. More probably it will have much the same effect that the republication of the underground works of the Marquis de Sade had on his legend—to dispel it and expose the basic shallowness of his mind. The renewed interest in Rizzi's book may, however, serve a better purpose in alerting serious students of modern society to the achievements and insights of another real but neglected prophet.

Betrayed by Britain *by Momcilo Selic*

"And hung my head and wept at Britain's name."

—Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Tito's Flawed Legacy by Nora Beloff, Boulder, CO: Westview Press.

If there be monsters, they yawn from within.

It is hard not to see justice in the story of an empire, brought low by its unwillingness to defend itself. "This book is in part a penance for unquestioningly accepting the Titoist bias shared by most of my countrymen," writes Nora Beloff, former British correspondent from Belgrade, in her new book, *Tito's Flawed Legacy*. But there was no bias. Instead, there was short-sighted self-interest, rationalized into doctrine, sentiment, or worse.

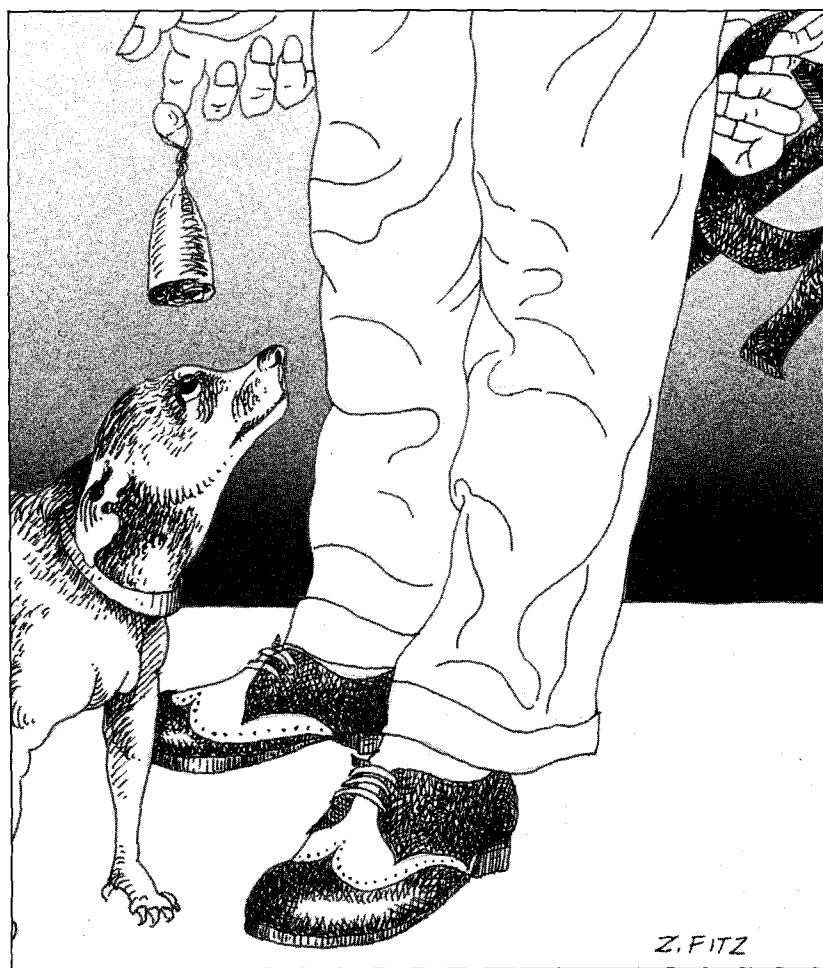
"Do you intend to make Yugoslavia

your home after the war?" Winston Churchill asked Brigadier Fitzroy Maclean, in 1943 in Alexandria.

"No Sir," replied his envoy to Tito.

"Neither do I," Churchill had said then. "And that being so, the less you and I worry about the form of government they set up the better."

John Donne long forgotten, Churchill was only continuing his government's policy towards Yugoslavia since 1941. If Czechoslovakia was sacrificed in 1936, why shouldn't another Eastern European impediment be used to buy a gasp of life? Though among individuals there is a name for such behavior, among states only survival counts. Maybe that's why so many of them have disappeared from the face of the earth.



Beloff, as Her Majesty's subject, did not initially question such policy. After all, wasn't it perfectly common that lesser people and races should sacrifice themselves for their betters? Mercifully, no one in the West has said that publicly, except Hitler. But facts have a way of speaking by themselves.

In 1941, Great Britain aided a coup in Belgrade that brought down a government intent on keeping Yugoslavia out of World War II. The new government, praised by Churchill, had as little to place in Hitler's way as the old. The Germans overran Yugoslavia in 10 days and then began a program of dismemberment and of genocide committed against its Serb, Jewish, and Gypsy population. The British, unable and unwilling to aid Yugoslavia even as little as Greece, lauded the resistance movement of Colonel Draza Mihajlovic, until the Communist Partisans appeared. Then, disregarding their own previous Special Operations Executive (SOE) directives, they asked the Yugoslavs to do what they counselled other Europeans to avoid, namely, to attack the Germans en masse. When Mihajlovic refused to permit 100 Serbs to be shot for each German slain, 50 for each wounded, the British transferred their support to the Partisans, who felt no such qualms. Thus the Communists, whose chief worry was the safety of the Soviet Union and whose aim was Communist revolution, became a gambit used by Churchill to offset Stalin's demands for a second front in Europe. In Teheran, Churchill curiously upheld Yugoslavia as just such a front, while the Soviet dictator justly pointed to the marginal effect of the Partisan war effort.

Possibly, Churchill may have planned an Allied Front in the Balkans, but his idea was vetoed by President Roosevelt, because too many Americans would die in such an attempt. Yugoslavs were allowed to die instead.

Even after the war ended, as Beloff records, and as Nikolai Tolstoy documents in his new book (*The Minister and the Massacres*), the British forcibly repatriated from Austria some 40,000

Momcilo Selic is an expatriate Yugoslav writer.

Yugoslav refugees to Tito. They, and a further 200,000 Croat refugees whose surrender was refused by the British, were massacred by the Partisans almost to a man, woman, and child.

Empires, even if reluctant, oblige. But the British, who preferred to acquire and maintain theirs largely by proxy, could not accept such a rationale. Behind the unspoken belief that a single British life was worth any number of others, lay the possible knowledge of the fickleness of this world, ungrateful to victor and vanquished alike. So in 1945 Czechoslovakia was sold once again to a successful tyrant, as was Poland, over whose fate the war was ostensibly begun.

Beloff, understandably, does not discuss broad geopolitical issues within her book, but she can only be commended for her fidelity to the truth. It is only to be regretted that she has been vehemently attacked by those of her countrymen who, like Basil Davidson, Fitzroy Maclean, William Deakin and his student, Mark Wheeler, have turned pro-Titoism into a profession. (By the way, Sir Fitzroy Maclean *did* go to live in Yugoslavia, in a villa given to him by Tito.)

These paragons of dispassionate justice seem to find nothing wrong in wanting for Yugoslavia what they wouldn't accept in their own home country. As before, during, and after the war, Yugoslavs are expected to suffer interminable hardships in order to fit into a "larger picture," painted by Churchill, MacMillan, and others. In what way was Winston Churchill, who forged an alliance with the most heinous tyranny on record in order to combat a geographically closer tyrant, any different from those anti-Communist Yugoslavs who collaborated with the Italians to contain murderous revolutionaries in their own midst? Yet, it was only the Yugoslavs who were sent back to Yugoslavia, to be interred alive by "patriots" inspired by Moscow.

Beloff's account of Tito is also highly revealing. Josip Broz is shown as a shiftless youth, a volunteer in the Austrian Imperial Army, a willing NCO in the 1914 "punitive expedition" against the Serbs, a POW turned revolutionary to improve his status, a seducer of a 15-year-old Siberian girl, a renegade father and husband, a Comintern

toady, a hatchetman against his own Yugoslavian "comrades," a defiant terrorist, as well as the leader of a party that, even during the Axis occupation, made war against its own countrymen the principal agenda. Few, including Winston Churchill, believed Tito's pledge not to turn Yugoslavia Communist; yet in 1948 Tito was once again given *carte blanche* by the West, to do what Mihajlovic had been prevented from doing. Needless to say, post-Soviet Yugoslavia only intensified its Pol Potian measures to prove its Communist orthodoxy. The reign of terror continued well into the 1950's, when the last Royalist guerrillas were shot and their corpses exhibited to the populace.

Slaughtering a cow for a pound of meat has never been considered wise; yet, time and again Yugoslavia had been traded for temporary, illusive, and even personal gain. In 1941, the price was 10 days of war; in 1943 it was Stalin's goodwill; in 1945 it was "peace in our time"; in 1948 it was Stalin's displeasure, all the way until 1980 when Josip Broz died, to be mourned by everyone from Qaddafi and Idi Amin-Dada to Sir Fitzroy Maclean and Margaret Thatcher.

As Beloff ably shows, Yugoslavia's edifice of myth, upheld by draconian "verbal crimes" laws within its borders, and by human corruptibility abroad, has pointed a way to many similar ventures. For their part, the Yugoslav Communists have aided, by arms, sanctuary, and diplomatic support, the following "liberation movements" around the globe: Greek Communists from 1945-48; Algeria's FLN in the 1950's, Nasser in 1956; Angolan, Mozambiquean, and Cap Verdean rebels in the 1970's; PLO since its inception, as well as Nicaragua and SWAPO at the time of this writing. The list is far from complete, and Yugoslav arms are still killing people from Shat-El-Arab to El Salvador. In that part of her book named "Non-Aligned Against the West," Beloff tells Western readers what the Yugoslav media never hid from theirs. It was in the late 1970's, after all, that Tito publicly placed Yugoslavia, as he had all along, on the "side of socialism," in case of a final showdown.

Today, the "Yugoslav syndrome" is hard at work in Southern Africa and

Central America, as it was previously in Cuba, Vietnam, and Cambodia. In all those upheavals, Soviet-sponsored Marxists denied any involvement, or any desire to institute the "dictatorship of the proletariat." Despite Jane Fonda's reversion to keeping trim, her actions in support of a crime against the human race, its Vietnamese subdivision, were very much in accord with those of many British and American politicians and bureaucrats in their dealings with Yugoslavia.

But history does teach. To some it teaches that a phalanx was no match for a legion, while to others that weaknesses of mind, spirit, and body are preludes to disaster. If the Yugoslav case, so aptly cited by Beloff, succeeds in counteracting at least some of the West's miraculous virginity, the whole of Yugoslav experience, including over a million horribly slain, would not have been in vain. Unfortunately, as the case of the 1389 Battle of Kosovo shows, it took three centuries of unmitigated disaster for the Austrians to realize that their enemy was capable of capturing Vienna itself.

Are we to wait for our Sobieski to deliver us from barbarity, perchance from a spaceship?

Unless we turn to gambling, the West's flawed legacy on Yugoslavia can best be overcome by making Nicaragua the last of such takeovers. Schools and hospitals, after all, do not outweigh murder, deception, misery, and barbarism. At least that much has been repeatedly made evident to us, every decade since the end of the last century.

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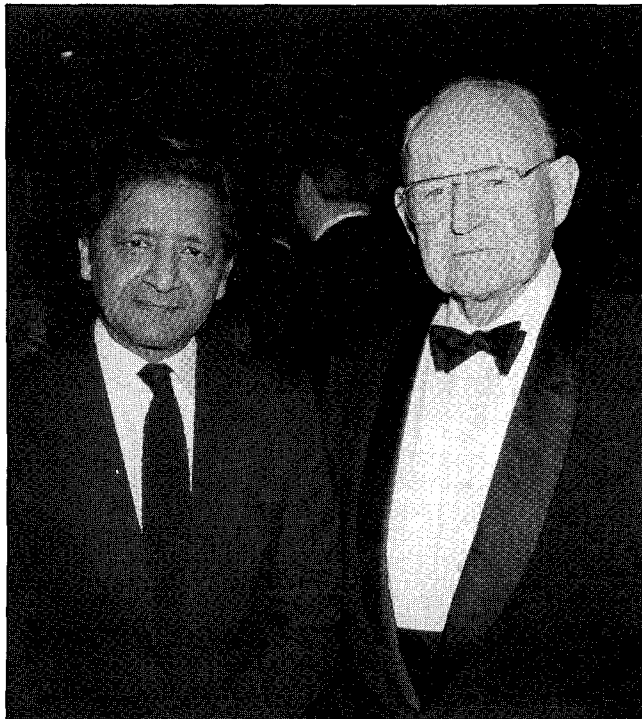
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THE INGERSOLL PRIZES 1985

The fourth annual Ingersoll Prizes, presented during an awards banquet on November 21, 1986, at Chicago's Ritz-Carlton Hotel, recognized the achievements of V.S. Naipaul and Andrew Lytle. The T.S. Eliot Award for Creative Writing went to V.S. Naipaul, while Andrew Lytle was honored as the recipient of the Richard M. Weaver Award for Scholarly Letters. Inaugurated in 1983, The Ingersoll Prizes (each carrying an award of \$15,000) are supported by The Ingersoll Foundation, the philanthropic division of The Ingersoll Milling Machine Company, and are administered by The Rockford Institute.

Attending the banquet were nearly 100 scholars, writers, and community leaders, including former Weaver laureate Russell Kirk; the directors of The Ingersoll Foundation, Clayton Gaylord, Edson Gaylord, and Robert Gaylord Jr.; Rockford Institute directors Norman McClelland, George O'Neill Jr., and Clyde Sluhan; as well as several *Chronicles* regulars, contributing editor John S. Reed and the redoubtable M.E. Bradford. Also in attendance were British Consulate General R.J. Carrick, Newberry Library President Charles Cullen, Henry Regnery, and the president of Northwestern University, Arnold Weber.

Both of this year's Ingersoll laureates spoke to the assembled guests, and their remarks will appear later this year as feature essays in *Chronicles*. Also speaking as part of the program were John Howard, president of The Ingersoll Foundation and counselor to The Rockford Institute, and Thomas Fleming, executive secretary of The Ingersoll Prizes and editor of *Chronicles*.



V.S. Naipaul and Andrew Lytle pose for a collegial photograph.

V.S. Naipaul

As an unflinching explorer of a troubled world, V.S. Naipaul has no peer among contemporary writers. Both in his novels and his reportage, he has been a relentless enemy of political and ethical illusion. His books have clarified the principles of humane civilization while at the same time reminding us of their fragility. He has traveled the world with an independent mind, resisting every reduction of thorny realities to ideology or formula. In works of satiric comedy and of profound tragedy, he has illuminated the dilemmas of modern life with patience and vision. Our confidence in the future is bolstered by the honesty and strength of his imagination.



Mr. Naipaul listens patiently to an off-the-cuff editorial from Thomas Fleming.

Andrew Lytle

A leader of the Southern Renaissance in American thought and letters, Andrew Lytle has left a lasting mark on the cultural history of 20th-century America. With his eloquent defense of agrarian principles, he has helped to secure the literary and intellectual traditions of the South as a precious heritage for the entire United States. As an acclaimed novelist, Lytle has given imaginative shape to his moral vision of family, place, and tradition. He has challenged and fostered the genius of promising younger writers in his work as a teacher, critic, and editor. In an increasingly mechanized age, he has given expression to the highest aspirations of human life.

After the Reverend Joseph McClatchey of Wheaton College offered an invocation, John Howard opened the awards banquet with remarks focusing on the intent of the late Leopold Tyrmand and The Ingersoll Foundation in establishing The Ingersoll Prizes. Dr. Howard described the prizes as a needed corrective in an age when many major writers have abdicated their moral responsibility and are now "degrading the very concept of art." He cited at length Saul Bellow's indictment of most contemporary writers:

"We do not, we writers, represent mankind adequately. . . . We put into our books the consumer, civil servant, football fan, lover, television viewer. And in the contractual daylight version, their life is a kind of death. There is another life, coming from an insistent sense of what we are, that denies these daylight formulations and the false life—the death in life—they make for us. For it is false and we know it. . . . Perhaps humankind cannot bear too much reality, but neither can it bear too much unreality, too much abuse of truth. . . .

"Writers are greatly respected. The intelligent public is wonderfully patient with them, continues to read them and endures disappointment after disappointment, waiting to hear from art what it does not hear from theology, philosophy, social theory, and what it cannot hear from pure science. Out of the struggle has come an immense, painful longing for a broader, more flexible, fuller, more coherent, more comprehensive account of what we human beings are and what this life is for."

Dr. Howard lauded V.S. Naipaul and Andrew Lytle as exceptional authors who *have* responded to the "longing" described by Bellow. He praised both as men "who understand and articulate the permanent values—truth, faith, integrity, reason, conscience, tradition—who provide reasons to resist the human inclinations toward cruelty, disorder, dissension, and cynicism."

In his remarks, Thomas Fleming assessed the ways in which the two laureates have resisted the modern assault upon Western civilization:

Civilization and Its Discontents was the title of one of Sigmund Freud's most provocative essays. Writing in 1930—less than a decade before the second outbreak of war in Europe—Freud painted a bleak picture of Western man suppressing all his most basic instincts in his struggle to maintain civilization. Since 1930, Freud's theme has been taken up and expanded by countless critics who seemed to find a strange sort of joy in predicting the Decline of the West.

What is the alternative to this civilization of ours, whose roots were put down in ancient times by Greeks, Romans, and Jews? For many years Marxism seemed to hold out the promise of a new beginning, a world without strife, without inequality, without want. With some sadness, we have to confess those dreams have not been realized in the Soviet Union or in any part of its Eastern European empire. Once the so-called Second World had to be acknowledged as a failure, the enemies of our civilization began to turn, increasingly, to the Third World of ex-colonial nations in Africa, Asia, and Latin America. Here were people who



John Frederick Nims with former colleague Andrew Lytle.



T.S. Eliot award recipient V.S. Naipaul with Eliot's biographer Russell Kirk.

could utilize modern technology without losing their souls to Western greed or American individualism.

No one can wish these new nations anything but fulfillment of their dreams. But the terrible lies told in defense of the Third World do no good whatsoever. Poverty, ignorance, and brutality are no easier to endure for being gilded with deceitful propaganda. The people of Uganda, the Central African empire, and Grenada could take small comfort from the press releases issued by Idi Amin, the Emperor Bokhasa, or Maurice Bishop. Back in our own First World, the celebration of these Third World utopias has been equally harmful in giving ammunition to those who would, in the words of Andrew Marvell, "ruin the great work of time."

Our civilization is not without its defenders. Today, we are here to celebrate two of them: Mr. V.S. Naipaul and Mr. Andrew Nelson Lytle. . . .



A Spymaster Defects

by F. W. Brownlow

A Perfect Spy by John Le Carré,
New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$18.95.

As a member of the last generation of English middle-class boys brought up on great expectations of prosperity, glamour, and power, John Le Carré first became famous in America when his obsession with the failed promise of his own society supplied an analogy for American middle-class readers jaded by the extravagant claims being made for theirs.

Le Carré's first well-known story took for its background the fatiguing realities of the Cold War. For thousands who were feeling the strains of East-West conflict, this disappointed Eton schoolmaster and M15 man brought relief in the form of the explanatory theory of "immoral equivalence": However awful the other side is, ours is as bad. According to Le Carré, in fact, ours is probably worse because they at least believe in something, however fatuous, and we believe in nothing at all. A typical Le Carré Englishman lives in an ethical vacuum. At his best, he has a sentimental, schoolboyish loyalty to the symbols of departed power; at his worst, he has the same loyalty to his society that a microbe has to its host, and when he betrays it, it is because it has not provided a rich enough diet.

Even Le Carré, whom an attentive reader will often detect reveling in the nastiness of his world, needed relief from this vacuum, and he found it in a typical figure of contemporary fantasy, the lone, alienated professional, the master-spy who pursues his craft for its own sake. Enter George Smiley, a plump little man who should probably have been a scholar, with the works of an obscure German writer under his arm. Married to an

aristocratic, nymphomaniac wife, Smiley displays a willingness to tolerate rudeness, ingratitude, and betrayal from his employers that puts him somewhere on the far side of masochism. With his wonderful talk of trade-craft, inquisitors, lamplighters, moles, wisemen, and the rest of it (which for all one knows Le Carré made up out of whole cloth, like his own pseudonym), Smiley is the figure Le Carré's fantasy supplied to be the saviour of an intolerable world, the secret master who serves the uncomprehending and the undeserving.

Fantasy is intensely gratifying because it not only provides an alternative to the disappointments and worries of actuality, it fosters the illusion that we understand them. Unfortunately, Le Carré does not like fantasy. He thinks that his *Schadenfreude* qualifies him as a realist who has nothing in common with the late Ian Fleming, and now he has allowed his reviewers and his own solemnity to betray him into taking himself seriously as a novelist. The result is this large, very peculiar book written not for the spy-fiction enthusiast, but for the thesis-writers and their teachers.

The reader must now come to terms with an unreliable first-person narrative by the spy-hero, addressed to a continually changing audience, all wrapped up in the author's own tale of the search for a scribbling hero who has disappeared. Perhaps this is meant to be an allegory of the elusiveness of truth in our times. Then, for the writers of footnotes, the text is dense with allusion, like static in a radio transmission. The hero's father, Pym, and his nemesis, Wentworth, are named after two famous rivals in English history. Platoons of literary ghosts haunt the book, Dickens and Thackeray prominent among them. Some may have slipped in unintentionally, but Le Carré has obviously

rigged most of them himself, not realizing that it is risky to invite comparison.

In the past, readers have forgiven Le Carré a long list of literary sins because his stories have been plausible and exciting. When the story is implausible, the clumsinesses obtrude, not to be compensated for by allusions and fashionable technique. Women, for instance, have always had a rough time in Le Carré's books, body predominating over brain. But in *A Perfect Spy* the author makes unprecedented demands on the reader's credibility with his portrayal of a beautiful, well-educated, intelligent Jewish refugee who becomes the mistress of a crook, steals checks for him, realizes with amazement that she is a thief, and jumps off a tower. The hero's mother, having given birth, ends up in a lunatic asylum, apparently because the author cannot think of anything else to do with her.

The hero's wife is an upper-class girl from a country house called Plush (for heaven's sake!) who can't keep her hands out of his pants. Yet at the end of the book she metamorphoses into a cool master-spy who would never have made the mistake of marrying the hero—or would have seen through him immediately. The beautiful Czech girl Sabina also turns into someone else; having advanced the plot by seducing the hero, she becomes a bureaucrat with a briefcase. Le Carré knows little about women, yet he insists on putting his ignorance on display. It also appears in this book that he does not know much about upper- or lower-class English life either. Born a crook, son of a crook, the hero is somehow transformed by an upper-class education into a simulacrum of a gentleman. Most readers will find the depiction of the hero's origins and schooling implausible, like an unintentional parody of J.B. Priest-

ley imitating Dickens.

The good parts of this book are the scenes of spying: the hero's recruitment, his experiences in military intelligence, and his wife's defeat of his Czech handler. In fact, somewhere inside this big, fat book there is an amusing little story about a pretentious, incompetent English spy, recruited by the Czechs at the outset of his career, who spends 20 increasingly bewildered years working for them until an American computer enthusiast finds him out. The story works when portraying the grammar-school and minor public-school Englishmen Le Carré knows and when it takes us into the wonderfully frumpy, tasteless English middle-class milieu Le Carré can describe so well. The kernel story owes nothing to donnish allegories of spies as crooks and crooks as spies nor to portentous analyses of English privilege by Czech Communists who know even less about it than Le Carré. With scissors and a blue pencil, it might be possible to recover from *A Perfect Spy* the kind of book Le Carré can write, and one hopes that next time, having recovered a degree of humor and self-criticism, he will write it. But this time around, self-pity, ambition, and obsession—and, one suspects, the demands of the publishing market—have defeated imagination.

Best-selling writers have to keep writing, and it may be that the academic audience at whom this book seems to be aimed will read it as a self-reflecting fable of the difficulties of a successful writer of modest gifts lured into pretending to be a major novelist. In that case, the confidence-man hero stands for the author, and the tale's climax is farce: When the combined forces of the American and British publics break into the seaside boardinghouse where the hero has gone to find his roots and sweat out his great novel, all they find is his dead body, an empty vodka bottle, and pages of overwritten, unpublishable manuscript—dismal mementoes of the fallacy that literature is self-expression.

Real readers are harder to trick than professors, publishers, and the fictitious British secret service. They prefer George Smiley any day. His brief appearance in one tiny scene saved *The Looking Glass War* from disaster. He is not infallible and does not always

choose well the company he keeps—witness his incredible wife and the bibulous Connie—but a touch of his tradecraft in *A Perfect Spy* would have done MI5 and the author a world of good. Smiley would not have had Marcus Pym in the house, let alone the service, with his bogus manners and phony literary ambitions. If John Le Carré has the courage of his imagination and his English education, he will bring back Smiley or one of his pupils, and leave the writing of the great confessional-metaphysical spy novel to someone of weaker character and greater pretension.

F.W. Brownlow is professor of English at Mount Holyoke College.

The Right Kind of Spy

by Robert F. Geary

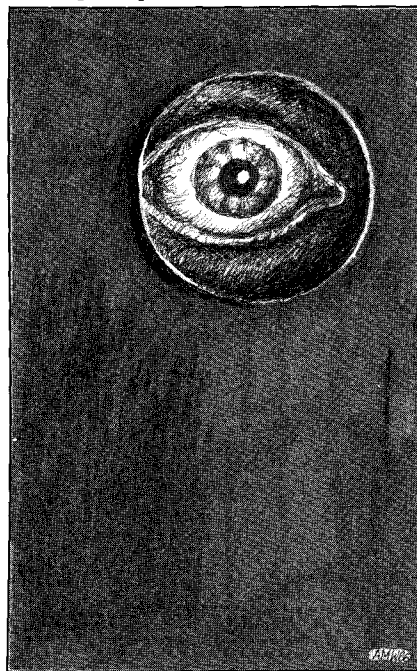
See You Later Alligator and High Jinx by William F. Buckley Jr., Garden City, New York: Doubleday; \$16.95.

In these two recent spy thrillers, William F. Buckley's CIA-trained alter ego makes his sixth and seventh appearances in a decade to play a winning hand in the high-stakes intrigue surrounding crucial moments in the Cold War. On a secret mission to Cuba (Project Alligator) aimed at exploring with Ché Guevara possibilities for easing tensions between the two countries, Blackford Oakes discovers Fidel's newest presents from Moscow, the infamous Cuban missiles. *High Jinx* returns to the 1950's as Oakes's quest for the source of a murderous intelligence leak leads to English traitors of the Philby variety and, finally, to Lavrenti Beria, Stalin's chief of secret police, plotting to become the next master of the Kremlin. Written with style and zest, never lacking in action and suspense, both books are quality examples of the spy adventure's capacity to offer intelligent entertainment.

That Oakes is the author's fictional projection constitutes a minor in-joke in these books. Like Buckley, the CIA man is a Yale graduate with some

education in the English public school system. His ripostes to the Guevara's Marxist verbal thrusts do credit to the editor of *National Review*. In *High Jinx*, Buckley even makes President Eisenhower's National Security Adviser praise *McCarthy and His Enemies*, further teasing readers with the link between author and character. Such authorial winking at the reader offers more than enough invitation to consider what happens when a man who has spent his adult life attacking and defending ideas ventures at last into fiction. Ideas should matter. But will he produce doctrinaire tracts in the guise of novels or will he infuse, even transcend, the thriller's formulations by means of an enriching seriousness and clarity of vision?

Actually, neither is exactly the case. Buckley's fictions are interesting spy thrillers, not weighted down with polemics or heavy reflections. Plot is paramount, and the conventions of the subgenre are deftly executed but not transcended. A reader somehow unfamiliar with the author might be surprised to learn that Buckley has for three decades been championing American conservatism, particularly anti-Communism. For similar reasons, some who cannot abide the author's political philosophy can be found confessing in print to having enjoyed these novels (and hinting that the author should stick to fiction). And, perhaps, some of his admirers



may miss in these books the intellectual daring they relish in a man who will defy fashion to call things by their right names.

The reasons for all these responses have, I suspect, much to do with the force of generic conventions. It is not that Buckley excludes or softens in the novels the unwavering opposition to Communism one finds in his editorial work. However, in the spy novel, one more or less expects the Reds to be villains. In a newspaper piece or television debate, Buckley is controversial (refreshing or infuriating, depending on your outlook) when he argues with customary lucidity and wit that the Soviet Union is in point of fact an evil empire. In a spy novel, the same view will likely pass as a given of the form, unless the author underscores the point with a heavy hand (and Buckley is a better storyteller than to do that).

Buckley's views do, of course, make a difference in these novels, but in ways that strengthen the inherited conventions, specifically the traditional dichotomy of heroes and villains. The Oakes novels stand, thus, in polar opposition to the books of John le Carré, who has won praise for innovation and seriousness because he depicts a moral equivalence between the agents (and, by extension, the purposes) of East and West (thereby replacing a convention of adventure tales with a newly hardened orthodoxy of despairing intellectuals). For Buckley and for Oakes, in contrast, there exists no such moral obtuseness masquerading as a higher awareness.

The agents of the Kremlin may, like Boris Bolgin, be human enough—fearful of a Beria, envious of the West, or partly deaf to the propaganda of the Party; but they represent a system that seeks to enslave more of the world. Oakes's adventures are not without their moral ambiguities and choices of the lesser evil; but these moments do not dissolve in a morass of guilt the larger differences between the two sides—one offering a decent prospect of independence and prosperity, the other only poverty and gulags. Thus for Oakes there is no "cold" to come in from, no chilling moral wasteland to be escaped. With youthful ardor, Blackford Oakes enjoys the battles. Paradoxically, then, Buckley's clarity of vision about international realities

makes Oakes a rather old-fashioned hero whose courage and skill make the plot formulas produce typically satisfying conclusions.

The exploits of Blackford Oakes continue to be well-done genre pieces, entertainments with verve and brains behind them. That should be enough to recommend the books. Some readers will find an additional satisfaction in the novels' unembarrassed adherence to the older conventions of self-confidence, a welcome change from the formulas of negation marking so many of our perceptions of ourselves and the world (in and out of fiction) for 20 years. What more fitting bonus could we expect from someone who has spent over a quarter of a century fighting Western failure of nerve?

Robert F. Geary is head of the English department at James Madison University.

Entrepreneurs and Bureaucrats

by Roland A. Alum Jr.

***Innovation and Entrepreneurship: Practice and Principles* by Peter F. Drucker, New York: Harper & Row; \$19.95.**

Despite his Viennese birth, Peter Drucker enjoys a reputation as a leading American social analyst, particularly on industrial and economic issues. In *Innovation and Entrepreneurship*, Drucker interprets U.S. management theory and practice within the framework of the free market economy and the open society, as he seeks to define entrepreneurship as "a craft" essential for the vitality of the private and public sectors alike.

Analyzing the United States' economic dynamics, Drucker refutes the self-appointed "prophets of doom" who in recent years have "bemoaned the de-industrialization of America." Half of the new businesses are now in manufacturing. While premature memorials were held for the "Frost Belt" and *rites de passage* for the "born again Sun Belt," only one-third of the new companies turned out to be in the Southern and Western states, and New

Jersey and other Northern states are enjoying a remarkable renaissance. As a Popperian-oriented thinker, Drucker thus contrasts armchair pontification with empirical reality.

Drucker likewise deflates the theories of fashionable "high-tech soothers" such as John Naisbitt, author of *Mega-trends* (1983). In the last decade-and-a-half, a solid three-quarters of all jobs created in this country (about 40 million) remain most decidedly "low tech"; and those took place overwhelmingly in small and mid-size businesses, even during the mini-depression of the Carter Administration. By contrast, the larger Fortune 500 corporations have been steadily losing jobs.

Probably the landmark contribution of this book lies in its argument that real "technology" is driven not by electronics, biogenetics or new materials but by "entrepreneurial management." Admittedly, the emergence of the "entrepreneurial economy" is as much a cultural (read anthropological) and psychological event as it is an economic or technological one. In his assessment of the ways in which new management approaches have fostered an entrepreneurial economy, Drucker dissents from the views of Riesman, Whyte, Reich, Marcuse, and other "prophets" of recent years. Drucker warns that the rise of professional management (a "social technology") is not to be confused with the "worship of government centralization and planning." Government bureaucrats typically can teach businessmen only how *not* to run their industries, perhaps with an exception here and there.

The problem, as Drucker points out, is that government institutions find it more difficult to innovate than even the most bureaucratic private company. And that seems to be a universal phenomenon.

Drucker regards innovation as the only way that entrepreneurs can "exploit change as an opportunity for a different business or . . . service." The essence of economic activity is the commitment of present resources to future expectations—which requires both the uncertainty of capitalist risk and the "delayed gratification" that sociologist Peter Berger has consistently stressed in his analyses of successful economies.

In the absence of a profit test, too many government officials make program growth their only criterion for success. Most innovations in the public sector are imposed either by outsiders or by catastrophe. Drucker believes the reversal of these trends and the transformation of the public sector is "the foremost task of this generation." Because he finds macro-planning incompatible with an entrepreneurial economy, he rejects "industrial policy" of the sort now found in Europe and hailed by some as the economic future of the U.S. Such "policy," he argues, "is a 'delusion': All it can come up with is another expensive flop, another supersonic *Concorde*; a little *gloire* . . . oceans of red ink."

When Alexis de Tocqueville visited this country in 1831, he marveled at its economic vitality. Since then, foreign visitors and foreign-born Americans (like Drucker) have continued to admire our economic vitality. In contrast, many native-born Americans now cling to the anachronistic and pessimistic notion that the entrepreneurship that made us so powerful is no longer possible. Fortunately, millions in North America, including many new immigrants, continue to demonstrate what Tocqueville called the Americans' "clear, free, original and innovative power of mind."

Roland Alum was recently appointed Bureau Administrator in the New Jersey Department of Commerce & Economic Development.

An Executive Fights Back

by Herbert London

Good-Bye to the Low-Profile: The Art of Creative Confrontation by Herb Schmertz, Boston: Little, Brown; \$16.95.

During the well-publicized oil crisis of the 1970's, populists looking for an easy answer to the problem of exorbitantly long lines at gas stations reflexively blamed the big oil companies. These barons of black gold were accused of bilking the public. So widespread was this sentiment that Presi-

dent Carter himself joined the chorus of blame. To many Americans it was simply self-evident that the oil companies were greedy. Almost every television report and newspaper story reinforced this story.

Standing against this tornado of public opinion was one man, a corporate Don Quixote who demonstrated tenacity, imagination, and flair: Herb Schmertz, Mobil Oil's vice president for public affairs. Schmertz has written *Good-Bye to the Low-Profile: The Art of Creative Confrontation* as a primer for other business executives who are likewise obliged to respond to media accusations. In answer to the question "What do you do when *Sixty Minutes* calls?" Schmertz recommends a direct and complete response, while recognizing that much of what a business executive says may end up on the cutting room floor. *Sixty Minutes* always has the advantage in this confrontation, but there are steps that can be taken to limit the damage. Mr. Schmertz has superb instinct for response.

But this book goes well beyond advice on what to say to a television interviewer. Schmertz examines the ways corporations can enter the debate on public policy in which they are often cast as the villains. One of the extraordinary developments nurtured by Schmertz was the Mobil op-ed pieces that first appeared in the *New York Times* and now regularly appear in the other major newspapers and weekly magazines. It is his contention that this was (and remains) an effective way for Mobil to address its critics and, perhaps more importantly, affect the character of public issues.

In a way, it is odd that this public affairs effort must be launched at all. After all, business should not be perceived as guilty of crimes against America without a chance to defend itself. But in the era of Naderism, business is wrong until proven otherwise. One would think from the media's standpoint that this isn't, or perhaps shouldn't be, a capitalist society. It is no accident that the heavy in most prime-time television programs is a business executive. Invariably he is amoral, if not immoral. Schmertz detects a double standard among media people, who are "perfectly happy to discuss morality with me—so long as

it's my morality. Their morality, it seems, is off-limits."

Such is the state of the media that what is, and only what is, sensational represents what is newsworthy. Young reporters are obsessed with the scoop, that story that will launch careers into the upper echelons of the news industry. Journalists eager for a dramatic story often assume the worst about the people or the companies they are asked to cover. Herb Schmertz has the fix on these people and scores points repeatedly with his analysis of their *modus operandi*.

As important as this book is, it is not without its flaws and questionable judgments. In discussing the effect of liberal bias on reporting, Mr. Schmertz agrees "that in most cases the journalist does not intend to exercise such a bias. In all probability, he has no idea that this bias even enters into his reporting." Yet illustration after illustration in the book point to a reporter who has an ax to grind. Where is the evidence that reporters can maintain their objectivity? Neither the professionalism encouraged in university schools of journalism or the standards among working newsmen have proved adequate.

In discussing public television, Mr. Schmertz makes the sensible proposal—I believe—that the government should not be in the business of supporting the arts and culture. But if that is true, it does not follow that "a far better way to proceed is by having the government issue the cultural equivalent of food stamps." Won't the government still be involved in spending huge sums of money for the arts?

Notwithstanding my trifling concerns, this book deserves attention from businessmen who are fed up with the moral posturing of media commentators and self-appointed defenders of the public "right-to-know." Because freedom of the press has grown into a form of clerical privilege, journalists now consider any limitation on their freedom as censorship. Beleaguered businessmen will be glad that one of the most creative people in the corporate community has now provided some strategies for dealing with media inquisitors.

Herbert London is dean of the Gallatin Division at New York University.



Letter From Corporate Headquarters

by Thomas L. Mammoser

A New Bottom Line

In his provocative book *Ideas Have Consequences*, Richard Weaver offered some poignant observations regarding modern times. Western man, he wrote, has fallen prey to a "falsified picture" of the world, characterized by materialism and an egotism which assumes that "man's destiny in the world is not to perfect himself but to lean back in sensual enjoyment." Like spoiled children, Weaver claims, our generation can't think beyond the limits of our own sovereign wills. Sociologist Amitai Etzioni called it the "hollowing of America"—the widespread, passionate search for self-fulfillment, the egregious preoccupation with "inner self."

Christopher Dawson said it earlier and perhaps more forcefully in his *Religion and the Modern State*. "Never before in the history of the world," he wrote, "has civilization been so completely secularized, so confident in its own powers and so sufficient to itself as our own." He would have no quarrel with Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, who in his 1978 Harvard address declared that our moral poverty results from the mistake of "anthropocentricity . . . with man as the center of everything that exists."

Gerhart Niemeyer calls modern times "The Age of the Autonomous Man," an age when feelings, imagination, the subjective, and the will prevail. Having dispensed with norms, hierarchies, and structures, one no longer even asks the question Malcolm Muggeridge described as the most vital

of our times: "Is God in charge of our affairs, or are we?" That issue is settled, a priori.

The result, Muggeridge notes, is not a happy age, "perhaps particularly for its greater ostensible beneficiaries. The parts of the world where the means of happiness in material and sensual terms are most plentiful . . . are also the places where despair, mental sickness, and other twentieth-century ills are most in evidence. Sex, fanned by public erotica, underpinned by the birth-control pill and legalized abortion, is a primrose path leading to satiety and disgust; the rich are usually either wretched or mad; the successful plod relentlessly on to prove to the world and to themselves that their success is worth having; violence, collective and individual, bids fair to destroy us all and what remains of our civilization." Muggeridge never minced words.

Professor Weaver suggests that the price of restoration from our sensuality and pseudo-self-sufficiency must be to push aside the fetish for material well-being and success-at-any-price in favor of a nobler ideal. Today even the dean of a major business school, no foe of prosperity, is sympathetic. "I dearly wish," said Dean Burton Malkiel of the Yale School of Organization and Management recently, "we could get away from the notion that it is simply your salary that is your scorecard in life."

Ironically that higher ideal may be found in a sector of society quite familiar to Mr. Malkiel. Businesses of every kind are much enamored these days with a demanding ideal they call "the pursuit of excellence." Devotion to this pursuit is so widespread as to qualify as a form of "natural religion" to which everyone can pay homage without the snickers that accompany talk of things divine.

Business analysts have nearly enshrined the pursuit, boardrooms ponder over it, managers can't get enough of it, newspapers carry daily columns about how to achieve it, and books about "the pursuit" sell into the millions of copies. The first of these, *In Search of Excellence*, is already well over the four million mark, making it the *Gone With the Wind* of its genre and a best-seller even in college bookstores.

Unfortunately, the pursuit of excellence suffers from severe deficiencies as a religion, not the least its potential to magnify rather than solve the egocentricity of our times. Nevertheless, the broad acceptance of the ideal suggests a sweeping power, an enormous ability to inspire and motivate, an inherent "meaningfulness" in an era so in need of meaning.

The excellence books point to a revealing aspect of the world of commerce, namely the practical desire to excel. Extending and getting beyond oneself is at the very heart of the business ethos. And this desire gives hope of deliverance from the ultimately self-defeating absorption with self that lies at the root of our modern dilemma. Reflecting a universal and not unwholesome urge to "dominate the earth and subdue it," the desire to excel may define a new "bottom line" for the world of business, as the primacy and the excellence of the *worker* takes precedence over the excellence of the work itself.

Thomas Watson Jr. of IBM said the most important asset of business is the individual. The excellence books, though dedicated to improving corporate performance and return on shareholders' equity, clearly recognize the value of this asset. There is hardly a more pervasive ideal in excellent companies, they repeatedly point out, than *respect for the individual*.

But paying that respect doesn't just happen. To do it, the true pursuer must be other-directed and people-oriented. He—or she—must be empathetic, enthusiastic, respectful, diligent, courageous, fair, forgiving, patient. *Creating Excellence*, a national best-seller, deems this latter quality worthy of an entire chapter! And he or she must be able to love, all of which demands much self-mastery, much getting beyond one's self-interests.

One popular excellence book recalled the story of Trammel Crow, head of the vast industrial real-estate empire. After speaking to the Harvard Business School, Crow was asked: "What is the secret of your success?" "Love," said Crow. Or as famous chef Andre Soltner put it, "I cook for you from the heart . . . but the waiter must serve with love. Otherwise the food is nothing."

The famed business analyst Peter Drucker noted that the managerial task, which requires "working" the human being, always means developing him. "This applies," emphasizes Drucker, ". . . not alone to the man who is being managed, but also the *manager*! Whether he develops his subordinates in the right direction, helps them to grow and become bigger and richer persons, will directly determine whether he himself will develop, will grow or wither, become richer or become impoverished, improve or deteriorate." Good management, according to Drucker, is quite other-directed, the antithesis of Weaver's egotistic Western man, and *self-fulfilling* in the best sense.

Drucker knows well the importance of business, and especially the qualities and virtues of its practitioners. "The invention of organization as society's tool for accomplishing social purposes may well be as important to the history of man as was the invention of the specialization of labor for individuals ten thousand years ago." And the principle underlying it is not that "private vices make public benefits" (Governor Cuomo, take note). It is, says Drucker, that "*personal strengths make social benefits*."

The pursuit of excellence, then, demands personal strengths and virtues. And in so demanding it can bring the worker to a fuller development because it challenges the impact of his

work not only upon the workplace, but *upon himself*. Such actions far transcend whatever advancements they may bring to the workplace precisely because the worker is not just *producer*. He or she is, first and foremost, *person*. Put another way, man is primary and superior to the task at hand because in working, man is not only making or building something, he is also making *himself*. And what greater product—what greater work of art—can man produce, with grace, than his very self.

As unaccustomed as we may be to think of work as primarily self-development (for centuries it has been associated with production of one kind or another), it is nonetheless true. Work is essentially for man. Man is the purpose of work, not vice versa. Work is the central activity through which a person grows—through free, decisive action—into that which he may become. Work is a good thing for man because through it he not only transforms nature, adapting it to his own needs, but he also grows as a human being.

The battle for growth in "personal equity" is fought—and the freedom of self-dominion won—only if that worker can see beyond the seductiveness of work's allurements, especially the pursuit of wealth, honor, and self-aggrandizement, and realize that it is what a man *is*, not what he *has*, that counts. As Britain's Prince Charles put it at Harvard's commencement last year: "When all is said and done, a good man . . . is a nobler work than a good technologist."

A good man or woman is a noble work indeed. But this personal excellence depends on both his actions and his intentions. What a man is depends upon what he does—and particularly why he does it. In this business, motives determine results, and motives can be manifold. Pride lurks everywhere in the human condition. Yet the noblest of motives, manifesting God's glory, can spring up in surprising places. Witness an excerpt from Chicago Bears football coach Mike Ditka's pre-game Super Bowl prayer with his players: "Heavenly Father, we are grateful for this opportunity and we thank you for the talents you have given us. . . . Father, we ask that you give us the courage and the commit-

ment to use the talents to the best of our ability, so that we may give the glory back to you."

Andre Gide reminded us that the terrible thing about the pride of life and sensual allurements is that "we can never make ourselves drunk enough." But even unbridled aspirations point to our transcendence and our spiritual needs. To the imperative—thwarted if self-directed—to glorify Someone beyond self. To a deeply seated desire to not only *have* more, but to *be* more.

Homo sapiens is, after all, very different from the animals. Family aside, Noah's companions in the ark were perfect of their kind, but unfree. We are free, but unfinished. There is a breach in each of us, something incomplete that opens us to the infinite and causes our perpetual anxiety and dissatisfaction. No doubt because we are attracted not only to true, good, and beautiful things but also to Truth and Beauty and Goodness themselves. And we have yet to finish the race.

So in the noble pursuit for professional excellence and the undeniable human goods which it brings—we ought not to overlook the potential it has for realizing the good, the true, and the beautiful *within* us. Tradition-

LIBERAL ARTS

Novelty Item

The Brooklyn Museum recently acquired a painting by Carroll Dunham, dealing with "the artificiality of the so-called natural." The work, *No Nature*, consists of wood veneers dyed "so as to obscure the wood's natural color and imply new relationships between the natural and the man-made." Dunham described his aspirations in the Museum's October Newsletter:

I am not interested in looking back over my shoulder, or in any manifestation of nostalgia or irony vis-a-vis past styles. I am really interested in figuring out how to invent a new-looking artwork.

If he really wants to be revolutionary, Dunham might give up burlesquing Oscar Wilde and learn to draw.

ally put, the pursuit of excellence can help bring one to personal maturity, to the “goods of the soul,” to self-completion, to virtue.

The gnawing weaknesses in our national character—the pervasiveness of drug abuse (Americans now consume 60 percent of the world’s production of illegal drugs), the proliferation of pornography and of white-collar crime, the breakdown of the family—must be addressed not only in social, but in personal terms, and in *personal virtue*. Because whatever the contributing social factors, these infirmities emanate from the person, and it is there they must ultimately be cured.

The doctrine of virtue is an ancient and unfortunately obscured one. It was already taken for granted by the contemporaries of Socrates. Agathon, in Plato’s *Symposium*, organized his ideas around the four cardinal virtues of prudence, justice, fortitude, and temperance. This intellectual framework was one of the great discoveries in the history of man’s self-understanding; and it continues—despite its attenuated form—to be part and parcel of our Western tradition. The doctrine of virtue speaks to both the *kind* of being a human person is as a consequence of his createdness and the *kind* of being he ought to *strive toward*—by being prudent, just, brave, and temperate.

The very nature of virtue is to strengthen, to perfect. Virtues provide strength, they bestow character, and they permit—to the extent this fickle world will allow—happiness, because they empower their holders to live temperately, nobly, truthfully. The early Greeks were enthusiastic about the notion of virtue because of their discovery—needed again in our own times—that happiness requires living a *rational* life, with all its many relationships beyond self. And that rationality demands self-dominion and the strength to make choices that are true to reality rather than to pride, passion, false hope, or excessive desire.

But virtue, like muscle, requires opposition and resistance in order to develop, which is why the workplace—be that carpenter bench, computer terminal, or kitchen—is a gymnasium of virtue. All work situations present a constant challenge to improve. To make and build oneself, to

grow in character through rational, upright conduct. To put things in order. To give and relate to others. To make friends, to encourage, to empathize, to understand, to love. This is still *worker*, but not so much as maker or doer or entrepreneur. This is worker becoming himself . . . becoming truly man.

The professional person is powerfully motivated today by the search for excellence. Let us hope that search can transcend the desire to just have more, and extend to “being more.” Let us hope that search will strike at a deeper chord, especially in those hearts graced to know that the full development of one’s abilities in the pursuit of excellence, the *true* pursuit of happiness, involves a *personal*—a moral—as well as a professional effort. And if that man or woman is receptive to the Judeo-Christian tradition, he or she realizes that the rewards of this effort are imperishable.

Thomas L. Mammoser is director of corporate communications for Walgreen’s.

Letter From the Heartland

by Jane Greer

The 62nd Annual Killdeer Mountain Rodeo Roundup

July 4. There’s a sad little cluster of peeling white bleachers, but they face the sun. Most locals elect to sit on a blanket on the hillside opposite, where the view is great in spite of the dust. To keep the blowing grit down, a tractor and sprayer work the arena to a perfect moistness; children in battered Stetsons and their best boots hug the fence and squawk in pleasure when the wind blows the spray at them. Four small clones in white long-sleeved shirts and big black hats climb up to sit astride a barrel, the most natural way to watch the show.

Killdeer, population 790, clings to a curve on ND 22 just above ND 200. The Killdeer Mountains, north and west of town, once site of a near-bloodless Army-Indian battle, rise incongruously from the clear plain, a

dark reminder that anything is possible. One can drive around the mountains in about half an hour, climb them in 15 minutes, and from the top see forever across mildly rolling grasslands and chest-high wheat, hazy in the heat. Only 150 miles from Canada, Killdeer nonetheless acknowledges mainly the “west” in “Midwest.”

At 2:00 exactly, a stunning, wide-nostrilled buckskin carrying an even more stunning blond (red boots, red hat, white satin shirt, red satin pants it would take a paramedic crew with a Jaws of Life to pry her out of) prances into the arena and then breaks into an easy lope. The woman is Miss Rodeo North Dakota, the buckskin just another taut, obedient part of her body. Most men would stand to see her better, and some men to see her horse; all the men here, and the women with them, stand because Miss Rodeo North Dakota bears the American flag, its pole tucked neatly into the top of her right boot. She circles twice, then reins up slightly east of center. Behind her are two horsemen with the state and rodeo association flags.

The local VFW has planned a special Independence Day ceremony. A gate swings open, an anonymous woman behind the fence starts her ragged tattoo on a snare drum, and a dozen more-than-middle-aged men in unmatched uniforms enter, out of step. The drill sergeant shouts directions so that no one is hurt too badly in the melee of negotiating turns. They carry Old Glory, too, and come to a halt in the center of the arena. I watch, amused and touched—then notice that every cowboy hat in sight is over its owner’s heart. No one smiles at this rag-tag remnant of the local armed forces. Their memories are not that short.

Five of the VFW carry rifles. They aim, with less precision than sincerity, straight at the announcer high in his booth, and fire. Again. Again. The horses hate it. When the twitchy-necked buckskin gathers himself to leap, Miss Rodeo North Dakota, perfectly still, moves her lips a little, and he freezes.

A local woman will sing our national anthem. I expect the worst and am gratified and surprised: her voice is confident, tone-true, rich and shimmering, what city folks call “country-

western." No one fools around or talks or opens a Coke or a beer; all eyes are straight ahead, all hands over a heart. The smallest children play quietly. We applaud after the anthem, and then, in what is almost but not quite a prayer, the announcer reminds us that *we are celebrating today a way of life we love and the freedom that only this great nation of ours can offer, and we should give thanks to our Heavenly Father Who has seen fit to be so generous with us.* There is a moment of silence, unbidden, from these people, some of whom lost their farms this year. An ancient VFW member plays a pretty respectable taps. The arena clears.

Sitting on a blanket on the hill, we are surrounded by solid, youngish men with farmer tans and hard arms, older, rounder men in string ties, women in tank tops or chambray shirts tucked into tight jeans. My husband's five-year-old nephew is with us, determined to hate the rodeo, his first (he changes his mind before it's over); Steven looks silly in a blue surfer shirt and shorts, sandals, and sunglasses, surrounded by kids in down-at-the-heels Tony Lamas and serious-looking dark felt hats. *What will happen first?* he wonders. *Calf roping*, his mother says. *Cat roping?* he asks, only mildly interested, and we fall all over each other on the lumpy hill. *Tie that sucker fast, Clem, or the claws'll getcha. . . . And here's Bill Sorenson, folks, on a big brown tabby named Muffy that's never been rode.* But our silliness seems out of place, shallow and a little mean, somehow, in the midst of all this hearty camaraderie.

Miss Rodeo North Dakota's dazzling buckskin bulldogs the calves back to their pen after every calf-roping contestant; the duo are not a mere showpiece. In every event, the hometown boys get a big hand—the announcer asks for it, but he wouldn't have to—regardless of how they score. Several bowlegged teenagers in snug jeans and chaps fail to stay on their broncs; they're local heroes, headed for the Nationals later in the summer, and toe the dust and blush when we applaud their good tries here today. Outlanders get applause, too, for nice rides on broncs or bulls or winning times wrestling their steers to the ground. So do horses who outwit their riders (the livestock racks up points for

orneriness and grit just like the human contestants do). *Let's hear it for Todd Splonskowski, ladies and gentlemen—he's one of the best, and he gave it everything he's got. And while you're at it, let's give a big hand to Old Ironsides. He had a job to do and he done it.* Todd limps out, and Old Ironsides ditches the pick-up men for one last spry cowboy two-step around the fence.

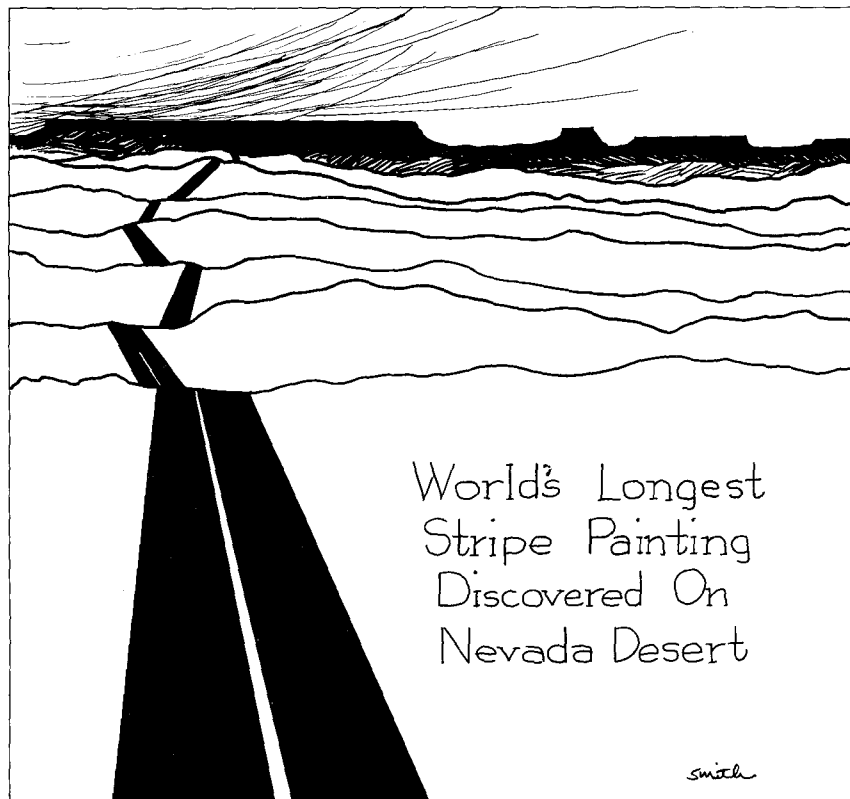
The smart cowponies, who, with or without a rider, can counter every move a calf or steer might dream up, draw admiration from the announcer and the crowd, but the bovine stock isn't given much credit for quick-wittedness. Other than to whistle low at the big old bulls' slow-motion twisting and bucking—imagine a refrigerator-sized block of cement rolling end over end down a mountain—we don't respond to the cattle with much admiration. I've seen a wily, ring-wise little calf outwit a big man on a horse, though, by hightailing it to the far end of the arena and then sliding *under* the gate to mama, slick as Lou Brock stealing home. *Everybody* comes here

to work.

There is some money to be won, but not a lot, especially after gas and feed and entry fee bite into it. It's hard to think of a harder way to make a dollar. Yet there are riders up here—this is North Dakota's oldest rodeo, but it's not a particularly big one—from Iowa and Kansas, Wyoming and even Texas; these fellas aren't hobbyists. Each one will stay on that bull or get thrown, loop that calf or lose him, flip that steer or miss by a hair and fall open-mouthed into the dirt at 30 miles an hour—and then pick up his crushed hat, dust himself off, amble to the trailer, pack it all up, and drive 30 miles south to Dickinson for *that* rodeo three hours from now. Tomorrow it's South Dakota, maybe, or Montana.

I never go to a rodeo without some dread; softhearted about animals, I didn't grow up *using* them. Always in the back of my brain is the fear that I'll watch a horse break a leg or see a calf's neck shattered by his own speed after a good throw. (I'd hate to see a hurt cowboy, too, of course, but part of me

A . r . t . i . F . a . c . t . s



figures they ask for it.) Still, there is an aspect of surprise pain in real life, and what these guys do in the ring (aside from bull-riding and wild-cow milking, that is), they and other men do every day because they *must*, with much more to lose and less to win. There are parts of life that can't be computerized.

So here I sit on this Fourth of July, a city girl who can't even ride, sucking a cold beer and feeling suddenly, strangely self-satisfied. There's no special moral to this tale, except that maybe Heaven *isn't* a hammock in the shade. What's here is immediate, strenuous, *authentic*. Old Glory snaps above the announcer's booth in the harsh plains wind. Tonight there will be firecrackers, and watermelon, and a room full of people who love me; and tomorrow in the shadow of the distant, improbable Killdeer Mountains, anything is possible.

Jane Greer edits Plains Poetry Journal in Bismarck and runs a midstate motel for members of her husband's family.

Letter From the Land of the Free

by William A. Donohue

The Un-Civil Liberties Union

When I undertook a study of the ACLU, I had no idea that the politics surrounding my investigation would prove to be as revealing as the research itself. Maybe more so.

My first taste of the politics of the ACLU came during an interview with Aryeh Neier, past executive director of the ACLU. The interview lasted about 15 minutes. He ordered me out of his office, complaining that he didn't like the nature of my questions. I was asking him to explain discrepancies in ACLU policies. That was something I shouldn't have done. Live and learn.

Other ACLU officials proved to be equally sensitive. While doing research at the national headquarters in New York City, I incurred the wrath of employees when I admitted that I was looking for reasons why policy positions had been changed on so many issues. They demanded examples. I

mentioned the ACLU's adamant opposition to the ERA for some 30 years before the elevation of its consciousness in 1970. They blasted me for telling untruths. When shown the evidence, they showered me with a stern lecture on how I ought to handle the incendiary findings. I thanked them for respecting my freedom of inquiry and making me feel right at home.

It gets better. When I told Alan Reitman, Associate Director of the ACLU, that I was planning to write a book on the organization, he asked me to supply him with an outline and sample chapter so that he could assess whether he might be of some assistance to me in getting the book published. The ACLU was thinking about commissioning someone to write a book on its history anyhow, so if what I was doing fit in with what they wanted, presto—they'd find a publisher. Just think, I could have been the ACLU's house author!

The squeeze was on. My previous access to the minutes of the board-of-directors meetings was now off limits. Only capsule summaries could be seen. Worse still was the farce surrounding my access to the FBI files on the Union.

A copy of the FBI files on the ACLU is available at the headquarters of both organizations. I thought it would be easier to access the files from the ACLU. I was wrong. Indeed, while the files were available in the FBI's reading room, senior ACLU officials were still debating whether other board members—never mind the public—should be granted access. When I finally did get a chance to see the ACLU's holdings of the FBI files (it took a few years), my research was subject to restrictions that the FBI refused to levy. So much for principle, yet again.

The politics of publishing was next. I started my quest for a publisher after completing the introductory chapter. Over 18 months I received 18 rejections, some of them saying, "While I personally agree with your perception of the ACLU's record . . ." My favorite was the one which agreed wholeheartedly with my analysis but confessed that the book was "too charged an attack on the organization for inclusion on my list." Some editors told me over the phone that trying to get a

critical work on the ACLU published was next to impossible. Had it not been for Aaron Wildavsky, who referred me to Irving Louis Horowitz at Transaction, the book probably wouldn't have been published.

Since the book has been released, the ACLU has tried to ignore it. Radio talk-show hosts in five cities have tried unsuccessfully to get an ACLU official to debate me on the air. A live debate did take place, however, in Pittsburgh.

At first I thought there wouldn't be a debate. It took nine months of prodding before James Lieber, the head of the ACLU in Pittsburgh, agreed to a debate. The reason for the delay had something to do with the response of several local ACLU board members to the suggested debate. They advised Lieber not to debate me. He finally consented to the debate anyway.

The fun began before the debate got started. When one ACLU staff member saw copies of my book on display in the lobby of the building where the debate was to be held, she pushed them aside and put her own ACLU books and pamphlets on display. Happily, some students took note and learned their first lesson of the evening in how the ACLU conducts itself.

There were 350 people in attendance the night of the debate, 100 or so from the ACLU. I had a great time, taking full advantage of debating on St. Patrick's Day. After the debate, there was a question-and-answer period; it proved to be the highlight of the evening.

As is their wont, radicals turn every question into a filibuster. Some of the poor civil libertarians were practically in tears. Others just steamed. All proved my point that the ACLU is a highly politicized organization. Students learned firsthand that when politics takes the place of religion in people's lives, they react with fanaticism when confronted with criticism.

There was to be another debate between Lieber and me following our live encounter. But he called the local radio show and canceled. Anyone for free speech?

William A. Donohue is chairman of the social sciences department at La Roche College and is the author of The Politics of the American Civil Liberties Union (Transaction).

Letter From the Lower Right

by John Shelton Reed

How to Get Along in the South: A Guide for Yankees

Right now, down here, we seem to be experiencing an influx of Northern migrants. There are so many of them, and misunderstanding is so frequent, that I fear a new wave of sectional hostility may be shaping up. I offer as evidence the fact that some of my less tolerant brethren have taken to referring to Northerners as "rhoids"—short for hemorrhoids, from a rude joke with the punch line (approximately): "If they come down and stay down, they're a pain."

But these new invaders are friendlier than the last bunch, and some of them apparently want to fit in. So I surmise, at least, from the fact that the University of North Carolina at Charlotte sponsored a very well attended adult education course last spring on "The South for Non-Southerners." (This goes to show how thoughtful we are down here, by the way. When I lived in Boston and New York I don't recall anyone offering a course on the North for non-Northerners, although I could have used one a few times.)

If I were running that course, I think I could boil it down to elaboration of a single theme, and I offer it to readers of this magazine at no charge. Reed's Rule for Successful Adjustment to the South is simply this: *Don't think that you know what's going on.*

William Price Fox puts the basic problem well: "No lie, the average Yankee knows about as much about the South as a hog knows about the Lord's plan for salvation." Thing about the hog, though, is that he doesn't *think* he knows. Believing that they know what's happening is probably the most common mistake Northerners make. Most other problems stem from that. Heck, half the time *Southerners* don't know what's going on here—why should someone who just unloaded his U-Haul?

Oddly, *real* foreigners often seem to have an easier time of it than folks from Wisconsin or Massachusetts or California. Brits and Germans and Japanese and Kuwaitis are likely to

recognize that things in the South aren't what they're used to and can't be made that way by complaining loudly. Moreover, Northern migrants often ethnocentrically insist that we mean what they think we said instead of meaning what we mean. Choong Soon Kim, author of *An Asian Anthropologist in the South* (I'm not making this up), observes that Southerners very seldom say what they mean. He finds us, in a word, inscrutable.

Maybe Northern migrants should just accept that fact, as Kim does. But if you insist on trying to understand Southern conversation, here are a few examples that may be helpful.

Surely most of you all have been warned that "You all come see us" does not mean that you all should actually drop in. That should be Lesson #1 in any Introductory Southern course. An intermediate course, though, would teach that one thing it almost always *does* mean is "Come see us if you have to for some reason"—although that usually goes without say-

ing. And an advanced course would teach the student that sometimes it actually does mean you all should drop in. Depending.

Similarly, "Where's your husband today?" can be, as in the North, nosiness plain and simple—or, from a male, a cautious inquiry before making some moves. In the South, though, it can also be just a polite expression of interest in your kinfolks: The questioner may not really care.

See? These things are not simple. Take the question "What church do you go to?" Many newcomers find it offensive when brand-new acquaintances ask that. They assume that it is the prelude to some serious witnessing, and it may be. On the other hand, it can also be just a conventional pleasantry, like "What do you do?" (a question Southerners sometimes find offensive) or "What's your sign?" (a question I always answer "No Trespassing"). "What church do you go to?" can also be an insult, especially if the emphasis is on the word "you."

BOOKS IN BRIEF—ECONOMICS

Responsible Technology: A Christian Perspective, edited by Stephen V. Monsma, Grand Rapids, MI: Eerdmans; \$12.95. Six thoughtful Protestants join together in the spirit of Jacques Ellul and E.F. Schumacher in "reflecting upon modern technology and its implications for the Christian life."

The Myth of the Plan: Lessons of the Soviet Planning Experience by Peter Rutland, LaSalle, IL: Open Court; \$26.95. A Harvard economist explains why the Soviet economy has foundered and why things won't get better until Communist leaders abandon the centralized planning essential to their political power. The analysis, heavily dependent upon Hayek and Mises, turns not only against the Politburo but also against American and Western European bureaucrats who pay the Soviets the compliment of imitation.

Consuming Fears: The Politics of Product Risks, edited by Harvey M. Sapolsky, New York: Basic Books; \$18.95. Six authorities on food marketing outline the political struggles touched off by scientific research into the possible health risks of popular foods and additives. Not content with protecting us from cigarettes and pesticides, nutrition-minded zealots were trying to redefine beef, eggs, and milk as controlled substances until the Reagan Administration decided not to make cocaine pushers share their cells with cows.

Mayflower Madam: The Secret Life of Sydney Biddle Barrows by Sydney Barrows with William Novak, New York: Arbor House; \$17.95. The world's oldest profession managed with today's business techniques. The author speaks contemptuously of "the moral code of Bourgeois society," but the immoral code of the *haut monde* does not seem to have elevated her perspective.

Exchange and Power in Social Life by Peter M. Blau, New Brunswick: Transaction; \$14.95. A timely reprint of a classic study investigating the patterns of monetary and nonmonetary exchange that create—and undermine—social order, from marriage to political parties. Particularly valuable is Blau's explanation of why egalitarian ideologies attract frustrated academics in a business-oriented culture like America's.

The Anatomy of Power by John Kenneth Galbraith, Boston: Houghton Mifflin; \$7.95. A leading liberal economist examines the roots of power—personality, property, and organization. Aside from a few insights borrowed from Joseph Schumpeter and James Burnham, the analysis is both superficial and misleading. Like most academics, Galbraith knows little about power, except how to abuse it.

Again, it depends. Migrants should just recognize that they don't have a clue and hope for the best.

Reed's Rule has an important corollary: Since you don't know what's going on, *be very careful about offering advice*. A story going the rounds down here illustrates that point: A Northern gentleman retires to the rural South. The first morning he's sitting on his porch enjoying the scenery when a farmer comes walking down the road with a hog beside him. The newcomer greets his new neighbor and asks him where he's going with the animal. The farmer says that he's taking the hog to a fine mudhole down the road to let him wallow some.

"What's the matter?" the Yankee asks. "Don't you have water at your house?" Slightly offended, the farmer replies that of course he has water.

"Well, couldn't you make a mud-

hole up there?"

"I expect I could, but why would I want to do that?"

"Good Lord, man, think of the *time* it would save!"

"Yeah," says the farmer, "but what's time to a hog?"

(Watch it: Don't be so sure who that joke is on.)

I have a similar story—a true one. Last fall I hired a couple of men to tear down our old garage (a job the termites already had well in hand). While they were slamming away with crowbars and sledgehammers, my neighbor's father, visiting from Michigan, came over to where I was watching. "You know, up North we'd get a front-end loader in there and we'd have that baby down in a half-an-hour."

Well, now. Here's another rule for getting along in the South. If you must give unsolicited advice, pretend it's something that just occurred to you.

Never, under any circumstances, tell us how it's done up North.

Never mind that you think the Northern way is superior. Even if it is—*especially* if it is—we don't want to hear about it. Even the most cosmopolitan Southerner is likely to bristle at that. Atlanta columnist Lewis Grizzard puts it eloquently: "Delta is ready when you are."

Now my neighbor's father meant well, and she and her husband are nice folks, and they *are* my neighbors. So I did not say "Eat hot lead, Yank."

Neither did I say: "Well, down here we get a couple of old boys in with crowbars and save us some money and keep 'em off the welfare." But I could have. It's true that heavy machinery could have done that job in half an hour instead of the three or four it took the fellows I hired. But I paid them \$60 instead of the \$75 minimum it would have cost me for a machine and an operator. And my county has an unemployment rate of about 3 percent. What's Lansing's?

As a matter of fact, though, I didn't say much of anything at all, just mumbled something.

I did a little better last summer when a New York acquaintance, thinking of retiring to our area, asked if there had been much Klan activity lately. Now that question is about as appropriate as my asking him about the Mafia—no less, no more. It's a fact that the Klan exists. It's an unpleasant feature of our cultural landscape. But there's less activity than there used to be; it doesn't affect most of us in our daily lives (we go whole months without thinking about it); and it's unobtrusive enough that most of us are content to let the police worry about it. I guess I could have said all that, but I actually said something like: "Well, some of the boys act up now and then, but if you keep your opinions to yourself and don't let 'em hear your accent, they won't bother you none."

I'm afraid that New Yorker now thinks he knows what's going on. That's his second mistake.

John Shelton Reed teaches about the modern South at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. Many of his students and some of his best friends are from the North.

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On 'The Uses of Diversity: Recovering the Recent Past'

Although one gets a good reaction by reading a critique on modernism like the one by Thomas Fleming (*Chronicles*, October 1986), the feeling quickly turns to disillusionment upon realizing that the modernists are still entrenched in our institutions.

Perhaps modernists are impregnable. It remains to be seen whether conservatives can be instrumental in routing them and have enough energy to renew the world as it was once based on Christian values.

In fine arts the modernists bribed some artists to become smeary barriers between reality and the art viewer. Materially well-rewarded, those artists quickly and eagerly found out that concealing reality is much easier than revealing it with force and beauty. Their abstract canvases, framed nonsense, speak elegantly to the forces of chaos.

Dismantling the old world, of course, called for the fine arts to parallel other modernist works in order to guarantee our continued advancement into the disordered life.

If that sounds like the totalitarian way of achieving chaos, that is what it is. Perhaps the top echelon of the movement biologically depend upon the chaotic environment in order to have their sense of well-being. If that is the case, it would indicate that modernism, God forbid, is institutionalized paranoia.

—Frank Broussard
Opelousas, Louisiana

On 'Rock 'n' Roll Never Forgets'

"Rock 'n' Roll Never Forgets: Healing the Wounds of the 60's" by Thomas Fleming (*Chronicles*, May 1986) is a piece of solid insight. The 80's does not represent a return to the 50's nor the rediscovery of small-town America. Neither does the 80's completely cleanse America of the past sins of the 60's. In this new age of conservatism, Mr. Fleming has conveniently reminded us that we cannot so easily forget the last several decades and expect the 80's to be swell.

America must continue to reflect,



though not dwell, on the American experience. Losing ourselves in the excesses of consumption and pleasure will only complicate, if not hinder, our quest to come to grips with "the real America." The small-town America that John Mellencamp sings about is not a relic of the past, but it has been passed up by rootless Americans who are forever striving to be modern and chic. But all is not lost; we just need a few more Mellencamps to remind America that its greatness lies in small towns.

—C.G. Alario
Washington, DC

On 'Fad Fatherhood'

"You're cute when you're mad" is, of course, a cliché, but even a cliché has some authority by virtue of the fact that it has become one.

In her assessment of the "fad dads" (*Chronicles*, October 1986), Mrs. Barlow cuts better than the Barlow I have carried since Mark Twain explained its virtues, most of which are genuine. If she needed to elaborate, and there is no reason to think that she got it anything but just right, it would be in the area of historicity.

Arrested development has been around for a long time. . . . Bob Greene and Dan Greenburg simply explain it better in that they are accomplished writers. Children do, for the most part, grow up, assisted, unassisted, and sometimes in spite of both. The fact that some don't quite make it is perhaps a bit more prevalent today, but only because there are more of us.

There are, in fact, more nincompoops writing today, though there has never been any reason to believe that the ability to write has anything to do with being a nincompoop or not (look, for instance, at *Roe v. Wade*).

I want to thank you for that particular article, the like of which I haven't seen since Mark Twain took off on James Fenimore Cooper.

Also, as long as I'm in the mail anyway, John Shelton Reed is always like a visit from a distant and dear friend.

—Harry E. Johnson
Batavia, Illinois



SCREEN

Empty Tomato Plot

by Katherine Dalton

Extremities; written by William Mastrosimone; directed by Robert M. Young; Atlantic Entertainment Group.

So often the trouble with a play-turned-movie is that the screenwriter and director have fooled with the original too much—opened it up too much, added too many new characters and too many new scenes. In the case of William Mastrosimone's *Extremities*, however, the problem lies in the fact that he and director Robert M. Young didn't open it up enough. Problems the play had with coherency and logic even when it was on Broadway have not been corrected, and they're big enough so that this movie about rape doesn't even succeed in being harrowing.

Extremities opens with Joe (played by James Russo) stalking Marjorie (Farrah Fawcett: both created these roles in the Broadway production) in a mall parking lot. He attacks her in her car, and she only just escapes. Unfortunately, he has her wallet and so knows her name and address, and though she is sure he'll come back after her, the police cannot, of course, give her any protection. She changes her locks and pulls her dresser in front of the French windows in her bedroom, but it's to no avail; one sunny summer morning Joe just walks in the open door.

It's all pretty much rape-movie boilerplate, and watching Joe play Marjorie on the line, I know I've seen it all before. There's the usual violation of her personal life and possessions—Joe asking pointed questions about her friends, because he's

stolen her letters and so knows their names; fingering a music box that seems to have a picture of her grandmother on it, and so presumably is dear to her; then raiding her underwear drawer for the pair he wants her to wear. And there's the inevitable failed escape attempt by Marjorie, after which Joe says, predictably, "So. I can't trust you."

For all that, much of this is old hat; up to the moment Marjorie attacks Joe with the bug spray and ties him up with the phone cord, the movie is well-paced and well-acted. James Russo gives a good performance the whole way through, and Fawcett does well in these early scenes. But both are hampered by a poor script, and what ability Mastrosimone has is for action scenes, not discussion and denouement. By the time Marjorie gets Joe locked up in a makeshift jail in the fireplace, it's Mastrosimone who's *in extremis*. He can't seem to figure out what to do with his main character.

At some moments she seems insane—after all, she's been attacked twice by a rapist who just finished knocking her around her own house for an hour and nearly killed her. It would make sense, in a twisted way, if she did go crazy. But she doesn't, even though she is determined for a while to kill Joe. Given the circumstances, that's understandable; as Joe points out himself, there's no evidence of rape since it didn't happen (she blinded him with bug spray just in time), and even if she could get a conviction on her word alone, he wouldn't be in jail long. As soon as he got out, he tells her, he'd return to kill her. If someone said that to you, you'd consider burying him next to your tomatoes, too.

She starts the grave and then abandons it, and starts and abandons all her arguments as to why she hasn't called the police and is keeping this man hog-tied in her living room. Finally, all that's left is the necessity she sees in getting him to confess in front of her

roommates (who by then have returned) so that she has "proof" he did attack her. But even that doesn't make much sense. Surely any lawyer could argue, and persuade a judge and jury, that a confession got under duress is no confession at all, and here lay poor old Joe trussed up, blinded and half-poisoned by bug spray, terrified of some crazy woman who wouldn't take him to the hospital until he confessed to something he now swears on his mother's good name he didn't do.

Nor can Fawcett patch up with her performance all the holes Mastrosimone has left in her character. She is terrific as the victim, but can't make the transition to victimizer. It's not hardness she's lacking, it's intensity. Fawcett just can't pull it off; her fury rings hollow, and the night I saw it the audience even laughed at some of her angriest lines.

It's not that Mastrosimone should have transformed his play into an "issues" piece and had his characters come up with a discussion along the lines of the Bernie Goetz debate. But once Mastrosimone gets his characters to the point where they've switched roles, Joe inside in the fireplace and Marjorie outside, he can get no farther. Marjorie, who must carry the movie, dissolves into a muddy characterization. In what seems to be a last-ditch effort to get the ball rolling again, Mastrosimone brings the two roommates home. But both of them are so shallowly drawn (and, in the case of Diane Scarwid as Terry, so badly acted), they only make things worse. Only James Russo's ability to act and his character's breakdown save the end of the movie.

In real life, which seldom imitates Shakespeare, a situation like this one might be played out just as Mastrosimone wrote it, with nobody being able to articulate her fears or intentions, nobody making much sense. But the job of a theater piece is to distill life, to be realistic and still

improve on the usually banal reality, or what's the point? If people in the audience wanted to experience one of those endless, going-nowhere arguments, they could have stayed home and discussed Friday night curfews with the kids. People will go to see a play about rape, madness, violence, and hate only to get some enlightenment into the whys and wherefores of those things. With *Extremities*, they're not going to get it.

Katherine Dalton writes from New York.

Return of the Fairy Tale

by Sam Karnick

Labyrinth; directed by Jim Henson; screenplay by Terry Jones; story by Dennis Lee and Jim Henson; Tri-Star Pictures.

The mass media have been particularly arid territory for children lately, treating our young as little more than

vessels for advertising pitches. In fact, even theatrical films have become advertisement vehicles, as many of the recent releases aimed at children have been little more than blatant 90-minute commercials hawking toy lines such as the Smurfs, the Care Bears, and the Transformers, betraying in their producers attitudes so cynical as almost to defy belief.

Still, even in this gloomy region there are rays of hope. The output of Walt Disney studios has been particularly notable recently. Such films as *Tron*, *Flight of the Navigator*, and *Return to Oz*, while of varying quality, are at least sincere attempts to create decent, instructive entertainment for children. *The Great Mouse Detective*, Disney's most recent animated release, is even better. Supervised by the last of Disney's old-fashioned animators and furnished with a strong story and interesting characters, the film is a treat for young filmgoers and their chaperones alike. Also heartening is the Disney studio's professed desire to continue along these lines with their future animated productions.

Then there is Jim Henson, creator

of the Muppets. From the television series *Sesame Street* and *The Muppet Show* through his feature films *The Muppet Movie* (1979), *The Great Muppet Caper* (1981), and others, Henson has provided children and their parents with a considerable amount of entertainment over the past 20 years. Fortunately, there is much more to Henson's works than puerile charm. In fact, he may be one of the best things to happen to America's children in quite a while. While Henson's works may seem frivolous on the surface, there are worthy ideas underneath.

As child psychologist Bruno Bettelheim has pointed out, most notably in his book *The Uses of Enchantment*, fairy tales are not just pretty stories with which parents divert their children. These tales, says Bettelheim, provide ethical instruction for children and also help them confront feelings and ideas which are too fearsome for them to face directly. The story of "Little Red Cap" (aka "Little Red Riding Hood") teaches children to beware of strangers (among other things), while the wicked stepmother in numerous tales has been seen as a stand-

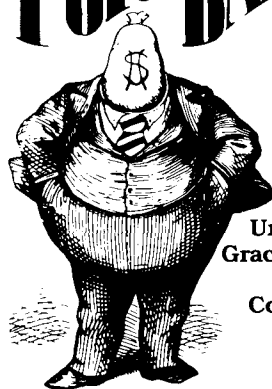
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in for the child's occasional anger toward his or her mother. Since fairy tales have been traditionally handed down from generation to generation, it seems natural that they would teach only socially acceptable behavior. On the other hand, any newly devised fairy tale would need to be judged on what it teaches its impressionable young audience, especially when it's distributed to millions of children through a modern mass medium.

The similarities between movies and fairy tales are intriguing. Many people are involved in the creation of a motion picture; likewise, many are involved in the creation of fairy tales. Our culture, according to Bettelheim, finds its expression in fairy tales; culture also expresses itself through motion pictures, in a similarly veiled manner. Fairy tales make a unique contribution to children's education and the development of their imaginations; so do movies, for children and adults alike. Finally, like fairy tales, movies often help audiences confront feelings and ideas which are too fearsome for them to face directly.

In *Labyrinth*, Jim Henson has teamed up with George Lucas, of *American Graffiti* and *Star Wars* fame, to produce what can appropriately be described as a modern fairy tale. The film opens with a pseudo-dramatic scene of a teenage girl named Sarah, played by Jennifer Connelly, reciting romantic verse in an archaic courtyard, then abruptly descending to reality as she realizes she is late for dinner and races home through prosaic suburban streets. The story begins when Sarah's parents leave for a night on the town and she balks at having to take care of Toby, her baby brother. Sarah begs some nearby goblins to take him away and relieve her of her responsibilities. Much to her surprise, they do, and Jareth, alias the "Goblin King," played by David Bowie, sportingly gives her 13 hours to solve the Labyrinth and rescue her brother, who will otherwise become a full-fledged goblin himself.

What sounds perhaps overly cute in summary here turns out to be not only very entertaining but also wise and insightful. Once inside the Labyrinth, the young heroine confronts comical Muppetized versions of many of the problems which face young people

today. Just as a conventional labyrinth presents a series of directional choices, so the Goblin King's Labyrinth presents Sarah with a succession of *ethical* choices. Her most common reaction to events early on is to say, "It isn't fair!" This is of course not far from a typical child's reaction to the irrational difficulties often encountered in brushes with the adult world and in fact is just what she said while running home earlier.

Soon, however, Sarah overcomes her despair and simply attempts to make the best of things. She meets Hoggle, a short, ugly, apparently aged homunculus, with whom she learns the value of forgiveness; Luto, a large, kindly brute who demonstrates the power of nature; and Didymus, a little fellow who looks like a cross between a Yorkshire terrier and a grenadier of the Napoleonic era.

Didymus is a particularly interesting character. He is the ultimate warhawk but is played as a likable, enthusiastic British gentleman-soldier. Although he loves to fight, he never gets the group into needless danger and proves to be very courageous when they do need his skills, although his cowardly "steed," a sheepdog named Ambrosius, keeps preventing him from getting into the thick of things. In contrast to many other filmmakers working today, Henson resists the temptation to play the character as a pathological danger to society. He's a soldier, not a sociopath, and he comes in very handy when he's needed.

Although Sarah makes several friends in the Labyrinth, she is frequently separated from them and has to make most of her major choices alone. Clearly Henson is stressing the fact that, while they will receive help from others throughout their lives, children can't depend on others to make their moral choices for them. Sarah quickly learns to make the right choices. She encounters a ridiculous rock 'n' roll band composed of strange, demon-like characters who detach their grotesque heads and playfully toss them in the air. She is amused at first, but when they swarm over her, invite her to stick around a while, and attempt to help her remove her head, she fights them off and makes her escape. She chooses responsibility over mindless rock 'n' roll hedonism, a

choice the film's youthful audiences no doubt encounter every day.

Sarah is forced to confront her own selfishness and materialism in a scene which takes place in a vast junkyard patrolled by a pack of horrendous vagabonds. Guided by one of the tramps, she opens the door to a rundown shack, enters, and is shocked to find that she is suddenly back in her bedroom at home. She is tempted to give up and remain there, especially when the tramp begins piling the girl's toys around Sarah as she sits dazed on her bed. The tramp, in attempting to comfort Sarah, unwittingly mocks the girl's maternalism by saying, "It's all here. Everything in the world you've ever cared about is all right here." Sarah, finally realizing that she loves some things besides her toys, shouts, "It's all junk!" and races out of the room and back into the junkyard to continue her search for her brother. The scene is just subtle enough to be effective.

The ending, however, is positively stunning. Sarah confronts the Goblin King—alone—in a tower high above the Labyrinth. She steps into the tower and enters an M.C. Escher dream-world, with stairways going off every which way and gravity and her perspective changing from moment to moment. She sees Toby and runs toward him, but each time she makes any progress he disappears and reappears elsewhere. She leaps into a hole to prevent Toby from falling in, tumbles through space, and is left standing in a demolished universe with herself and Jareth floating in mid-air among bits of debris and pieces of stairways. Jareth finally reveals his true motivation in bringing her to the Labyrinth: He wants *her*, not Toby. He never wanted her brother; he took the boy only because she asked him. "Everything you have wanted I have done," he says. "I have turned the world upside down, and I have done it all for you. I'm so sick of living up to your expectations!"

Jareth offers her a Faustian bargain: "Look what I'm offering you: your dreams! I ask for so little. Just let me rule you, and you can have everything you want. Fear me, love me . . . and I will be your slave." But Sarah has learned too much in the Labyrinth to be fooled by this and speaks the magic words she learned—but was unable to

remember—earlier: “You have no power over me.” Jareth, defeated, transforms back into the snowy owl he was when the film began. Sarah wakes up back in her room and finds that her baby brother has been returned. She also finds that she’ll be able to call on her friends from the *Labyrinth* if she ever needs them in the future, and the film ends with her and her new friends dancing in her bedroom.

The ethical foundation of the film becomes clear only in the final scene—and is only implicit even then, never explicit—but on reflection it is clear that the foundation is there throughout the film, embodied in the concept of *choice*. We are always given a choice, every moment, on which path to take, but Sarah is given a series of explicit choices. That she ultimately makes the right ones is as gratifying to the audience as it is to her. If many parents nowadays seem to have forgotten how to tell their children fairy tales, we may be glad that at least some filmmakers still know how.

Sam Karnick is a screenwriter who lives in Madison, Wisconsin.

STAGE

Monologue as Echo Chamber

by David Kaufman

Tucked away in one of 2.3 Diary entries, Ned Rorem suggests that “inside every artist is a banker struggling to get out.” Though Rorem was merely penning another one of his inversions-for-inversion’s-sake, the particular aphorism he derived here seems curiously relevant to Spalding Gray.

In his evolution (some would call it his “perfection”) of the “Me” monologue, Spalding Gray makes us mindful that inside the contemporary personality there is an artist struggling to get out. But if in recent years we have lost sight of the truth that no man is an island, is it really true that everyone is an artist?

Gray has fashioned an *artistic* career for himself on making the “inner” voice “outer,” which is, it must be said, no mean achievement. Though many claim that Gray has reinvented the monologue, Gray takes his place in a long line of solo performers, a line that includes Ruth Drapper, Lenny Bruce, and more currently Quentin Crisp, Lily Tomlin, Whoopi Goldberg, and Eric Bogosian. Although Gray prefers to see himself as “a combination of Huck Finn and Candide—the kind of naive, open, slightly paranoid, often randy searcher”—and though he describes his technique as “poetic journalism,” what makes Gray unique is that he doesn’t assume any other persona or impersonate anyone other than himself. But herein resides the paradox that is Spalding Gray, a paradox reminding us that an appearance remains deceptive by design. A visit with Gray leaves nothing so much as the uncanny impression that he is *trying* forever to impersonate himself, and in some ineffable way, missing the mark. Here, too, Gray seems to mimic a distinctly contemporary, post-self-conscious personality, one that shuttles from the quotidian reality of daily life to the yearning for a sense of accomplishment, with a visit to the therapist’s couch in between.

As the world turns, Gray has not reinvented the monologue or even reshaped any of its spokes—the multiple tangents which typify the intimate staged confession—so much as he has tapped the new religion. Aligning himself with the Wooster Group and the Performing Garage (an *avant-garde* and experimental theater company), Gray developed his routine during the early 1970’s, or precisely when a name was given to the fervent, cultural upheaval that affected all of us sooner or later, directly or indirectly—the “Me” Generation. In an interview with Don Shewey, he reveals the extent of his self-interest: “When anyone refers to my work as self-indulgent, I take it to mean it just wasn’t interesting for them. . . . I think there are positive aspects to solipsism and narcissism, and I’m interested in putting myself into more rigorous objective situations in order to get beyond my own neurosis.” There is frequently something embarrassing and awkward about watching this man

unravel his “neurosis” no matter how methodical and “scripted” his ploy.

A session with Gray becomes a sort of new wave, performance confession-al. At worst, we become voyeurs to his schizophrenic theatrics, hearing him purge himself of his guilt. At best, we serve as the Father Confessor, absolving him with our applause, our laughter, our empathy. There are, let it be said, some magical moments along the



*Spalding Gray: monologist, actor, and author of *Swimming to Cambodia*.*

way. There is no denying that he works hard to win our approval, an approval which we quickly deliver in gratitude for his articulating so well the contemporary angst of modern life.

But if angst proves the common denominator connecting him to his audience, and if Mel Gussow in the *New York Times* summarizes the “Spalding” impact by updating the medieval “Everyman” to “Every-Spalding,” the problem is that Gray remains as his name implies. He represents the “gray” in all of us. He is neither black enough nor white enough to tell us anything definitive, precise, or new. With a completeness that seems both circular and angular at the same time, he circumscribes the media-prompted issues he raises into a foolproof system of the first-person narrator. Though not exactly counterfeited, his authenticity is finally no more nor less than what gets presented: a cipher confronting the cosmic void. If he seems courageous, it is only because he has the audacity to vent the deepest fears we sometimes harbor. His self-doubt and self-deprecation

backfire and become a form of self-aggrandizement, although they are designed to win our favor by giving expression to the very impulses we avoid.

A precisely "Gray" irony, and one which he maybe innately understands: Gray's success relies on his not being too famous, on a perpetually retarded celebrity. He gets phone calls from David Letterman's booking agent and tertiary roles in important films—in short, he gets close to the fame that many crave to validate their very existence, according to the terms laid out by Andy Warhol's now famous prophecy. But Gray remains on this side of the fame. If he were to cross over the line that separates "us" from "them," the jig would be up. No longer would he be "one of us" or *EverySpalding*. And now that he's actually *been* on David Letterman's show and had a more fundamental role in a film (*True Stories*), he has come perilously close to doing just that.

A more positive explanation of all of this is offered by James Leverett in his fawning introduction to the published version of *Swimming to Cambodia*, perhaps Gray's best-received monologue. "It has gradually become Gray's chosen lot simultaneously to live his life and to play the role of Spalding Gray living his life, *and* to observe said Gray living his life in order to report on it in the next monologue. Perhaps this hall of mirrors, this endless playoff between performance and reality, has always been the situation of the artist. . . . But has it ever been more plainly the predicament of everyone else in this media-ridden age of instant replay? Conditioned by McLuhan and Warhol, Johnny Carson and Phil Donahue, we are all to an extent the subject of our own self-writing life story, our shoot-as-you-go movie. The possibility of celebrity for everyone seems to grow with each newscast." More succinctly, Leverett refers to the Gray "persona" that "could be characterized as an incorrigible witness, mirror or, well, sponge."

Attending a Gray monologue is tantamount to believing that only Gray could deliver the relentlessly autobiographical material. Comeuppance came last spring, however, when *Orchards*, a collection of seven one-act plays based on Chekhov short stories,

toured a network of college campuses throughout the country and arrived in New York in early May, under the auspices of John Houseman's Acting Company. Gray's contribution, *Rivkala's Ring*, loosely derived from Chekhov's tale "A Witch," was performed with remarkable success by Aled Davies. In this *tour de force* monologue—perhaps the best in Gray's repertoire of 12—the passion of Gray's paranoia is pronounced. Although little remains to suggest connection with the original Chekhov story on which it was ostensibly based, the narrator reminds one instead of the internalized meanderings of a Celine, a Beckett, or a Zeno, with "clues" that take us back to Dostoevsky and Kafka. Gray's narrator is a Hollywood writer who ideally emerges as an overly sensitive soul lost in the limbo and perpetuity of California corruption. Whether describing his experience at a roadside Oriental restaurant or literally and metaphorically sharing a "glimpse" of his less than successful relationship, his banal thoughts give way to metaphysical musings centered around the advice to "embrace your fear."

But as fine as *Rivkala's Ring* is in comparison to Gray's more extended monologues, it is still a discursive and verbally athletic attempt to substantiate vacancy. His black-hole fantasies benefited here from the distance he achieved while composing this piece, no doubt anticipating that someone other than himself would deliver it. Some similar objectivity is needed in all of his other monologues with which I am familiar, where the content, ephemeral to begin with, is subservient to the ego that relays it and finally no different.

To return to Leverett's metaphor, as a "mirror" of the vacuum, the sweeping emptiness by which Gray and his ilk characterize our age, Gray's material is ultimately without content and meaningless. It is necessarily mediocre, a 1980's version of "Life in These United States" as it used to appear in *Reader's Digest* (and for all I know, still does). Whether he's describing his involvement in the filming of *The Killing Fields* (in *Swimming to Cambodia*) or building a monologue on the hazards of becoming a home-owner in Upstate New York (in his newest piece, *Terrors of Pleasure*), he is pitting him-

self *with us* against the capitalist powers-that-be and the media overkill that infect the context of contemporary life. It's a formula for automatic collusion.

But what he's lacking in content, Gray sashays in technique. His mind works like a fly's eye with each lens focusing separately, taking in the experience from innumerable angles and then regurgitating it for the sake of amusement. The danger is in expecting more than amusement or taking him as seriously as he takes himself. His reasoning isn't logical or sequential so much as it is angular and cubist, facile and free-associative. It builds on itself in the way a maggot feeds on its host, now twisting this way, now that way, in its struggle to climb upwards and develop wings. But it never really takes off. It zooms outward only to circle back on itself and implode.

Gray's fragmentation is similar to the device sustained by Renata Adler in her two "novels"—*Speedboat* and *Pitch Dark*. In fact, Adler's customary concerns with deliberately mundane subject matter as well as her deadpan tone, her casual voice, bear a fleeting, deceptive resemblance to Gray. But while Adler discovers some metaphysical insights along the way, Gray is too much the victim of his own conceit. The effect he has on us is not unlike his description of a moment in *Swimming to Cambodia*: "I'd run down the beach and look back to try to see us there in the surf and each time I'd miss myself and then run back to try to be in it all again. Then down the beach and back and down the beach and back and the third time back. . . ." He is, *ad infinitum*, trying to catch up with himself, to see himself, to arrive where he already is.

Whereas Jonathan Reynolds at least *considered* his experience on location during the filming of *Apocalypse Now* and constructed a sturdy drama from it (*Geniuses*), by comparison Gray's *Swimming to Cambodia* is a long-winded travesty of undigested recollection, neither transformed nor transforming. The irony, of course, is that *The Killing Fields* is the superior film: not because it is based on fact but because it exists as powerful testimony to the human capacity for compassion and for perseverance. One is attentive to Gray's version and awaits some

insights or commentary on what helped to make the film great. The closest he gets is offstage, in his preface to the published script, where he explains that he derived the title *Swimming to Cambodia* "when I realized that to try to imagine what went on in that country during the gruesome period from 1966 to the present would be a task equal to swimming there from New York."

The monologue itself has a focus (of sorts) on Gray's quest for a "Perfect Moment." He describes how he shanghaied himself and remained in Thailand after his work on the film shoot was finished. "You see, I hadn't had a Perfect Moment yet, and I always like to have one before I leave an exotic place. They're a good way of bringing things to an end. But you can never plan for one. You never know when they're coming. It's sort of like falling in love . . . with yourself." At one point, he's so desperate to realize a Perfect Moment that he's almost willing to compromise the integrity of the event by inducing it through drugs. Though predictably centered around paranoia, his marathon descriptions of hallucinogenic incidents are among his most shining, his wittiest moments.

Swimming to Cambodia originally developed as two discrete parts during a two-year period and over, according to Gray, "almost two hundred performances." As far as I could tell, its recent revival at the Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater merged sections of Part II into what is predominantly Part I. It still ended with the same enigmatic closing to Part I: "And just as I was dozing off in the Pleasure Prison, I had a flash. An inkling. I suddenly thought I knew what it was that killed Marilyn Monroe." At this point, I feel like taking Gray's lead.

Gray is one of the few natives of Rhode Island to have made good in recent years. As such, it comes as no surprise that his Broadway debut at Lincoln Center this past summer was followed up by his performing the same three monologues (*Swimming to Cambodia*, *Sex and Death to the Age 14*, and *Terrors of Pleasure*) at the Trinity Square Repertory Company in Providence this fall. His career as a film actor has also progressed—he has a leading role in David ("Talking

Heads") Byrne's film, *True Stories*. Sounds like grist for the Spalding Gray treadmill.

David Kaufman is a theater critic in New York City.

ART

Marvelous Mestizaje: Religious Art From Latin America

by Caroline Morgan

"Gloria in Excelsis, The Virgin and Angels in Viceregal Painting of Peru and Bolivia" richly deserved its title. This glorious exhibition at the Center for Inter-American Relations in New York City exemplified the fascinating new styles of iconography that can result from cultural hybridization.

In this case, the hybridization (*mestizaje*) was caused by European intrusion into the Indian (mostly Inca) culture of Peru and Bolivia from the 16th through the 18th centuries. The influence of Italian mannerism, with its sweet Madonnas and other humanizing tendencies, was felt in Spain and consequently in the Spanish colonies during the early 17th century. In Peru and Bolivia, this influence extended to artistic interpretations of St. Joseph, who generally appears handsomer and much younger in paintings from Latin America. Indian artists were also inspired by landscape painting from the Netherlands, which belonged to Spain during the 17th century.

By the early 18th century, indigenous artists in Peru and Bolivia were adapting European styles with greater freedom, asserting their vibrant mestizo culture. At the same time, compositions emphasizing the human figure took precedence over landscapes. "Gloria in Excelsis" illustrated the creative innovations of mestizo artists in figural representation. The Virgin appears squarish and flattened, with greater focus on her ornate robe than

on her physical presence.

The vigorous textile tradition of Peru and Bolivia, which began as early as the 3rd century B.C., supplied extensive decorative material to Indian artists. Flamboyant red and gold, the colors of ecclesiastical vestments and church interiors, dominate these paintings. Lace is depicted with a delicacy unmatched even by Flemish artists; gilt brocade, richly patterned across the Virgin's robe, distances her from the viewer and emphasizes her hieratic nature.

Most astounding are the angels, especially Michael, Gabriel, and Raphael, the three that were sanctified. Mes-



Archangel Raphael, C. 1640, follower of Luis de Riano, Cuzco School; oil on canvas; 65"x42"; Convento de San Francisco, La Paz.

tizo artists painted them as 18th-century gentlemen, armed with muskets and harquebuses to defend the Faith. Rich in silk and satin, their costume is completed by gorgeous varicolored wings, unlike the wings of their European counterparts.

"Gloria in Excelsis" traveled to the Archer M. Huntington Art Gallery at the University of Texas (March 23 to May 4) and later to the Miami Center for the Fine Arts (May 19 to July 20).

Caroline Morgan is an art and drama critic in New York City.

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